

THE
M A N
OF THE
W O R L D.

VOL. I.

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THE
M A N
OF THE
W O R L D.

IN TWO PARTS.

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE CANTO. HOR.

The SECOND EDITION, corrected.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR W. STRAHAN; AND
T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.

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THE
MAN of the WORLD.
PART I.

INTRODUCTION.

THOUGH the world is but little concerned to know, in what situation the author of any performance that is offered to its perusal may be, yet I believe it is generally solicitous to learn some circumstances relating to him : for my own part, I have always experienced this desire in myself; and read the advertisement at the beginning, and the postscript at the end of a book, if they contain any information of that sort, with a kind of melancholy in-

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B

quietude

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quietude about the fate of him, in whose company, as it were, I have passed some harmless hours, and whose sentiments have been unbofomed to me with the openness of a friend.

The life of him who has had an opportunity of presenting to the eye of the public the following tale, though sufficiently chequered with vicissitude, has been spent in a state of obscurity, the recital of which could but little excite admiration, or gratify curiosity: the manner of his procuring the story contained in the following sheets, is all he thinks himself entitled to relate.

After some wanderings at that time of life which is most subject to wandering, I had found an opportunity of revisiting the scenes of my earlier attachments, and returned



turned to my native spot with that tender emotion, which the heart that can be moved at all, will naturally feel on approaching it. The remembrance of my infant days, like the fancied vibration of pleasant sounds in the ear, was still alive in my mind ; and I flew to find out the marks by which even inanimate things were to be known, as the friends of my youth, not forgotten, though long unseen, nor lessened, in my estimation, from the pride of refinement, or the comparison of experience.

In the shade of an ancient tree, that centered a circle of elms, at the end of the village where I was born, I found my old acquaintance, Jack Ryland : he was gathering moss with one hand, while the other held a flannel-bag, con-

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taining earth-worms, to be used as bait in angling. On seeing me, Ryland dropped his moss on the ground, and ran with all the warmth of friendship to embrace me. “My dear Tom, said he, how happy I am to see you! you have travelled no doubt a woundy long way since we parted.—You find me in the old way here.—I believe they have but a sorry notion of sport in Italy.—While I think on’t, look on this menow; I’ll be hang’d if the sharpest-ey’d trout in the river can know it from the natural. It was but yesterday now—You remember the cross-tree pool, just below the parsonage—there I hook’d him, play’d him half an hour by the clock, and landed him at last as far down as the church-way ford. As for his size—Lord! how unlucky it is that I have not my landing-net here; for now I recollect that
I mark’d

I mark'd his length on the outside of the pole ; but you shall see it some other time."

Let not my reader be impatient at my friend Ryland's harangue. I give it him, because I would have characters develop themselves. To throw, however, some farther light upon Ryland's :

He was first-cousin to a gentleman who possessed a considerable estate in our county, born to no fortune, and not much formed by nature for acquiring one ; he found pretty early that he should never be rich, but that he might possibly be happy ; and happiness to him was obtained without effort, because it was drawn from sources which it required little exertion to supply : trifles were the boundaries of his

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desire, and their attainment the goal of his felicity. A certain neatness at all those little arts in which the soul has no share, an immoderate love of sport, and a still more immoderate love of reciting its progress, with the addition of one faculty, which has some small connexion with letters, to wit, a remarkable memory for puzzles and enigmas, made up his character; and he enjoyed a privilege uncommon to the happy, that no one envied the means by which he attained what every one pursues.

I interrupted his narrative by some enquiries about my former acquaintance in the village; for Ryland was the recorder of the place, and could have told the names, families, relations, and intermarriages of the parish, with much more accuracy than the register.

“ Alackaday !

“ Alackaday ! said Jack, there have been many changes among us since you left this : here has died the old gauger Wilfon, as good a cricket-player as ever handled a bat ; Rooke, at the Salutation, is gone too ; and his wife has left the parish and settled in London, where I’m told she keeps a gin-shop in some street they call Southwark ; and the poor parson, whom you were so intimate with, the worthy old Annefly !”—He looked piteously towards the church-yard, and a tear trickled down his cheek.—“ I understand you, said I, the good man is dead !”—“ Ah ! there is more than you think about his death, answered Jack ; he died of a broken heart !” I could make no reply but by an ejaculation, and Ryland accompanied it with another tear ; for, though he commonly looked but on the

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surface of things, yet Ryland had a heart to feel.

“ In the middle of yon clump of alders, said he, you may remember a small house, that was once farmer Higgins’s ; it is now occupied by a gentlewoman of the name of Wistanly, who was formerly a sort of servant-companion to sir Thomas Sindall’s mother, the widow of sir William ; her mistress, who died some years ago, left her an annuity, and that house for life, where she has lived ever since. I am told that she knows more of Annesly’s affairs than any other body ; but she is so silent and shy, that I could never get a word from her on the subject : she is reckon’d a wonderful scholar by the folks of the village ; and you, who are a man of reading, might perhaps be a greater favorite with her ; if you chuse it, I shall

shall introduce you to her immediately." I accepted his offer, and we went to her house together.

We found her sitting in a little parlour, fitted up in a taste much superior to what might have been expected from the appearance of the house, with some shelves, on which I observed several of the most classical English and French authors. She rose to receive us with something in her manner greatly above her seeming rank; Jack introduced me as an acquaintance of her deceased friend, Mr. Annesly, "Then, Sir, said she, you knew a man who had few fellows!" lifting her eyes gently upwards. The tender solemnity of her look answered the very movement which the remembrance had awaked in my soul, and I made no other reply than by a tear. She seemed to take it in

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good part, and we met on that ground, like old friends, who had much to ask, and much to be answered.

When we were going away, she begged to have a moment's conversation with me alone ; Ryland left us together.

“ If I am not deceived, Sir, said she, in the opinion I have formed of you, your feelings are very different from those of Mr. Ryland, and indeed of most of my neighbours in the village ; you seem to have had a peculiar interest in the fate of that worthiest of men, Mr. Annesly. The history of that life of purity which he led, of that calamity by which it was shortened, might not be an unpleasing, though a melancholy recital to you ; but in this box which stands on the table by me, is contained a series of letters and papers, which,

which, if you will take the trouble of reading them, will save me the task of recounting his sufferings. You will find many passages which do not indeed relate to it ; but, as they are often the entertainment of my leisure hours, I have marked the most interesting parts on the margin. This deposit, Sir, though its general importance be small, my affection for my departed friend makes me consider as a compliment, and I commit it to you, as to one in whose favor I have conceived a prepossession from that very cause."

Those letters and papers were the basis of what I now offer to the public : had it been my intention *to make a Book*, I might have published them entire ; and I am persuaded, notwithstanding Mrs. Wistany's remark, that no part of them would have been found more foreign to the gene-

ral drift of these volumes, than many that have got admittance into similar collections: but I have chosen rather to throw them into the form of a narrative, and contented myself with transcribing such reflexions as naturally arise from the events, and such sentiments as the situations alone appear to have excited. There are indeed many suppletory facts, which could not have been found in this collection of Mrs. Wistanly's; these I was at some pains to procure through other channels: how I was enabled to procure them the reader may conceive, if his patience can hold out to the end of the story; to account for that now, would delay its commencement, and anticipate its conclusion, for both which effects this introductory chapter may have already been subject to reprehension.

C H A P. I.

*In which are some particulars previous to
the commencement of the main story.*

RICHARD ANNESLY was the only child of a wealthy tradesman in London, who, from the experience of that profit which his business afforded himself, was anxious it should descend to his son. Unfortunately the young man had acquired a certain train of ideas which were totally averse to that line of life his father had marked out for him. There is a degree of sentiment, which, in the bosom of a man destined to the drudgery of the world, is the source of endless disgust: of this young Annesly was unluckily possessed; and as he foresaw, or thought he foresaw, that it would not
only

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only endanger his success, but take from the enjoyment of prosperity, supposing it attained, he declined following that road which his father had smoothed for his progress, and at the risk of those temporal advantages which the old gentleman's displeasure, on this occasion, might deny him, entered into the service of the church, and retired to the country on one of the smallest endowments she has to bestow.

That feeling which prevents the acquisition of wealth, is formed for the support of poverty; the contentment of the poor, I had almost said their pride, buoys up the spirit against the depression of adversity, and gives to our very wants the appearance of enjoyment.

Annefly

Anneſly looked on happineſs as confined to the ſphere of ſequeſtered life. The pomp of greatness, the pleaſures of the affluent, he conſidered as only productive of turbulence, diſquiet, and remorse; and thanked heaven for having placed him in his own little ſhed, which, in his opinion, was the reſidence of pure and laſting felicity.

With this view of things his father's ideas did by no means coincide: his anger againſt his ſon continued till his death; and, when that event happened, with the prepoſterous revenge of many a parent, he conſigned him to miſery, as he thought, becauſe he would not be unhappy in that way which he had inſiſted on his following, and cut him off from the inheritance of his birth, becauſe he had choſen a pro-
feſſion

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feffion which kept him in poverty without it.

Though Annesly could support the fear of poverty, he could not easily bear the thought of a dying father's displeasure. On receiving intelligence of his being in a dangerous situation, he hasted to London, with the purpose of wringing from him his forgiveness for the only offence with which his son had ever been chargeable; but he arrived too late: his father had breathed his last on the evening of the day preceding that on which he reached the metropolis, and his house was already in the possession of a nephew, to whom his son understood he had left every shilling of his fortune. This man had been bred a haberdasher, at the express desire of old Annesly, and had all that patient dulness which

which qualifies for getting rich, which, therefore, in the eyes of his uncle, was the most estimable of all qualities. He had seldom seen Richard Annesly before, for indeed this last was not very solicitous of his acquaintance; he recollected his face however, and, desiring him to sit down, informed him particularly of the settlement which his relentless father had made. "It was unlucky, said the haberdasher, that you should have made choice of such a profession; but a parson, of all trades in the world, he could never endure. It is possible you may be low in cash at this time: if you want a small matter to buy mournings or so, I shall not scruple to advance you the needful; and I wish you would take them of neighbour Bullock, the woollen-draper, who is as honest a man as any of the trade, and would not impose

impose on a child." Annesly's eyes had been hitherto fixed on the ground; nor was there wanting a tear in each for his unnatural father: he turned them on this cousin with as contemptuous a look as his nature allowed them to assume, and walked out of the house without uttering a word.

He was now thrown upon the world with the sentence of perpetual poverty for his inheritance. He found himself in the middle of a crowded street in London, surrounded by the buzzing sons of industry, and shrunk back at the sense of his own insignificance. In the faces of those he met, he saw no acknowledgment of connexion, and felt himself, like Cain after his brother's murder, an unsheltered, unfriended outcast. He looked back to
his

his father's door ; but his spirit was too mild for reproach—a tear dropped from his eye as he looked !

There was in London one person, whose gentle nature he knew would feel for his misfortunes ; yet to that one, of all others, his pride forbade him to resort.

Harriet Wilkins was the daughter of a neighbour of his father's, who had for some time given up business, and lived on the interest of 4000*l.* which he had saved in the course of it. From this circumstance, his acquaintance, old Annesly, entertained no very high opinion of his understanding ; and did not cultivate much friendship with a man whom he considered as a drone in the hive of society : but in this opinion, as in many others,

others, his son had the misfortune to differ from him; he used frequently to steal into Wilkins's house of an evening, to enjoy the conversation of one who had passed through life with observation, and had known the labour of business without that contraction of soul which it often occasions. Harriet was commonly of the party, listening with Annesly to her father's discourse, and with Annesly offering her remarks on it. She was not handsome enough to attract notice; but her look was of that complacent sort which gains on the beholder, and pleases from the acknowledgment that it is beneath admiration.

Nor was her mind ill suited to this "Index of the soul." Without that brilliancy which excites the general applause,

plause, it possessed those inferior sweetnesses which acquire the general esteem; sincere, benevolent; inoffensive, and unassuming. Nobody talked of the sayings of Miss Wilkins; but every one heard her with pleasure, and her smile was the signal of universal complacency.

Annesly found himself insensibly attached to her by a chain, which had been imposed without art, and suffered without consciousness. During his acquaintance with Harriet, he had come to that period of life, when men are most apt to be impressed with appearances; in fact, he had looked on many a beauty with a rapture which he thought sincere till it was interrupted by the reflexion that she was not Harriet Wilkins; there was a certain indefinable attraction which linked him
every

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every day closer to her, and artlessness of manner had the effect (which I presume, from their practice, few young ladies believe it to have) of securing the conquest she had gained.

From the wealth which old Annesly was known to possess, his son was, doubtless, in the phrase of the world, a very advantageous match for Miss Wilkins; but when her father discovered the young man to be serious in his attachment to her, he frequently took occasion to suggest, how unequal the small fortune he could leave his daughter, was to the expectations of the son of a man worth 30,000*l*. and with a frankness peculiar to himself, gave the father to understand, that his son's visits were rather more frequent than was consistent with that track of prudence which
the

the old gentleman would probably mark out for him. The father, however, took little notice of this intelligence; the truth was, that, judging by himself, he gave very little credit to it; because it came from one, who, according to his conception of things, should, of all others, have concealed it from his knowlege.

But though his son had the most sincere attachment to Miss Wilkins, his present circumstances rendered it, in the language of prudence, impossible for them to marry. They contented themselves therefore with the assurance of each other's constancy, and waited for some favourable change of condition which might allow them to be happy.

The first idea which struck Annesly's mind on the disappointment he suffered from

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from his father's settlement, was the effect it would have on his situation with regard to Harriet. There is perhaps nothing more bitter in the lot of poverty, than the distance to which it throws a man from the woman he loves; that pride I have before taken notice of, which in every other circumstance tends to his support, serves but to wound him the deeper in this. That feeling now turned Annesly's feet from his Harriet's door; yet it was now that his Harriet seemed the more worthy of his love, in proportion as his circumstances rendered it hopeless. A train of soft reflexions at length banished this rugged guest from his heart—" 'Tis but taking a last farewell!" said he to himself, and trod back the steps which he had made.

He

He entered the room where Harriet was sitting by her father, with a sort of diffidence of his reception that he was not able to hide; but Wilkins welcomed him in such a manner, as soon dissipated the restraint under which the thoughts of his poverty had laid him. "This visit, my dear Annesly, said he, flatters me, because it shows you leaning on my friendship. I am not ignorant of your present situation, and I know the effect which prudent men will say it should have on myself; that I differ from them, may be the consequence of spleen, perhaps rather than generosity: for I have been at war with the world from a boy. Come hither, Harriet; this is Richard Annesly: his father, it is true, has left him 30,000*l.* poorer than it was once expected he would; but he is Richard Annesly still! you will therefore look upon

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him as you did before. I am not stoic enough to deny, that riches afford numberless comforts and conveniencies which are denied to the poor; but that riches are not essential to happiness I know, because I have never yet found myself unhappy;—nor shall I now sleep unsound from the consciousness of having added to the pressure of affliction, or wounded merit afresh, because fortune had already wounded it.”

Liberal minds will delight in extending the empire of virtue; for my own part, I am happy to believe, that it is possible for an attorney to be honest, and a tradesman to think like Wilkins.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

More introductory matter.

WILKINS having thus overlooked the want of fortune in his young friend, the lovers found but little hindrance to the completion of their wishes: Harriet became the wife of a poor man, who returned the obligation he owed to her and her father's generosity, by a tenderness and affection rarely found in wedlock, because there are few minds from whom in reason they can be expected.

His father-in-law, to whom indeed the sacrifice was but trifling, could not resist the joint request of his daughter and her husband, to leave the town and make one

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of their family in the country. In somewhat less than a year he was the grandfather of a boy, and nearly at the same distance of time after, of a girl, both of whom in his opinion, were cherubs; but even the gossips around them owned they had never seen more promising children. The felicity of their little circle was now perhaps as perfect as the lot of humanity admits; nor would it have been easy to have found a group, whose minds were better formed to deserve or attain it. Health, innocence, and good-humour were of their household; and many an honest neighbour, who never troubled himself to account for it, talked of the goodness of Annesly's ale, and the cheerfulness of his fire-side. I have been often admitted of the party, though I was too young for a companion to the seniors,

and

and too old for a playfellow to the children; but no age, and often indeed no condition, excluded from a participation of their happiness; and I have seen little Billy, before he could speak to be well understood, lead in a long-bearded beggar, to sing his song in its turn, and be rewarded with a cup of that excellent liquor I mentioned.

Their felicity was too perfect to be lasting.—Such is the proverbial opinion of mankind: the days of joy, however, are not more winged in their course than the days of sorrow; but we count not the moments of their duration with so scrupulous an exactness.

Three years after the birth of her first daughter, Mrs. Annesly was delivered of

another; but the birth of the last was fatal to her mother, who did not many days survive it. Annesly's grief on this occasion was immoderate; nor could all the endeavours of his father-in-law, whose mind was able to preserve more composure, prevail upon him, for some days, to remember the common offices of life, or leave the room in which his Harriet had expired. Wilkins's grief, however, though of a more silent sort, was not less deep in its effects; and when the turbulence of the other's sorrow had yielded to the soothing of time, the old man retained all that tender regret, so due to the death of a child, an only child, whose filial duty had led him down the slope of life without suffering him to perceive the descent. The infant she had left behind her was now doubly endeared

deared to its father and him, from being considered as the last memorial of its dying mother; but of this melancholy kind of comfort they were also deprived in a few months by the small-pox. Wilkins seemed by this second blow to be loosened from the little hold he had struggled to keep of the world, and his resignation was now built upon the hopes, not of overcoming his affliction, but of escaping from its pressure. The serenity which such an idea confers, possesses of all others the greatest dignity, because it possesses of all others the best-assured confidence, leaning on a basis that is fixed above the rotation of sublunary things. An old man, who has lived in the exercise of virtue, looking back, without a blush, on the tenor of his past days, and pointing to that better state, where alone he can be perfectly re-

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warded, is a figure the most venerable that can well be imagined: such did Wilkins now exhibit.

“My son, said he to Annelly, I feel that I shall not be with you long; yet I leave not the world with that peevish disgust, which is sometimes mistaken for the courage that overcomes the dread of death: I lay down my being, with gratitude, for having so long possessed it, without having disgraced it, by any great violation of the laws of him, by whom it was bestowed. There is something we cannot help feeling, on the fall of those hopes we had been vainly diligent to rear; I had looked forward to some happy days, amidst a race of my Harriet's and yours; but to the good, there can be no reasonable regret from the disappointment of such expectations.

expectations, because the futurity, they trust in after death, must far exceed any enjoyment which a longer life here could have afforded. It is otherwise with the prospect of duty to be done; these two little ones, I leave to your tenderness and care; you will value life, as it gives you an opportunity of forming them to virtue—Lay me beside my Harriet!”

The old man's prediction was but too well verified; he did not long survive this pathetic declaration. His son-in-law was now exposed, alone and unassisted, to the cares of the world, increased by the charge of his boy and girl; but the mind will support much, when called into exertion by the necessity of things. His sorrow yielded by degrees to the thoughts of that active duty he owed his children;

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in time his fire-side was again cheered by their sports around it; and though he sometimes looked upon them with a tear, at the recollection of the past, yet would he as often wipe it from his eye, in silent gratitude to heaven, for the enjoyment of the present, and the anticipation of the future.

CHAP.

C H A P. III.

*The openings of two characters, with which
the reader may afterwards be better
acquainted.*

HIS son had a warmth of temper, which the father often observed with mingled pleasure and regret; with pleasure, from considering the generosity and nobleness of sentiment it bespoke; with regret, from a foreboding of the many inconveniences to which its youthful possessor might naturally be exposed.

But Harriet was softness itself. The sprightliness of her gayest moments would be checked by the recital of the distress of a fellow-creature, and she would often weep all night from some tale which her

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maid had told of fictitious disaster. Her brother felt the representation of worth ill-treated, or virtue oppressed, with indignation against the oppressor, and wished to be a man, that he might, like Jack the Giant-killer, gird on his sword of sharpness, and revenge the wrongs of the sufferer; while his sister pressed his hand in hers, and trembled for the danger to which she imagined him exposed; nay, she has been afterwards heard to cry out in her sleep in a hurried voice, "You shall not go, my Billy, papa and I will die if you do."

A trifling incident, of which I find an account in one of their father's letters, will discriminate their characters better than a train of the most laboured expression.

At the bottom of his garden ran a little rivulet, which was there dammed up
to

to furnish water for a mill below. On the bank was a linnet's nest, which Harriet had discovered in her rambles, and often visited with uncommon anxiety for the callow brood it contained. One day her brother and she were at play on the green at a little distance, attended by a servant of their father's, when a favorite terrier of Billy's happened to wander amongst the bushes where this nest was sheltered: Harriet, afraid of the consequences, begged the servant to run, and prevent his doing mischief to the birds. Just as the fellow came up, the dog had lighted on the bush, and surprised the dam, but was prevented from doing her much harm by the servant, who laid hold of him by the neck, and snatched his prey out of his mouth: the dog, resenting this rough usage, bit the man's finger till it bled, who, in return, bestowed

bestowed a hearty drubbing upon him, without regarding the entreaties or the threats of his little master. Billy, enraged at the sufferings of his favorite, resolved to wreak his vengeance where it was in his power, and running up to the nest, threw it down, with all its unfledged inhabitants, to the ground. "Cruel Billy!" cried his sister, while the tears ran down her cheeks. He turned sullenly from her, and walked up to the house, while she, with the man's assistance, gathered up the little flutterers, and having fastened the nest as well as she could, replaced them safely within it.

When she saw her brother again, he pouted, and would not speak to her; she endeavoured to regain his favour by kindness, but he refused her caresses; she
 sought

fought out the dog, who had suffered on her linnet's account, and stroaking him on the head, fed him with some cold meat, from her own hand: when her brother saw it, he called him away. She looked after Billy till he was gone, and then burst into tears.

Next day they were down at the rivulet again. Still was Harriet endeavouring to be reconciled, and still was her brother averse to a reconciliation: he sat biting his thumb, and looking angrily to the spot where his favorite had been punished.

At that instant the linnet, in whose cause the quarrel had begun, was bringing out her younglings to their first imperfect flight, and two of them, unfortunately taking a wrong direction, fell short
 • into

into the middle of the pool. Billy started from the ground, and, without considering the depth, rushed into the water, where he was over head and ears the second step that he made. His sister's screams alarmed the servant, who ran to his assistance; but before he got to the place, the boy had reached a shallower part of the pool, and, though staggering from his first plunge, had saved both the linnets, which he held carefully above the water, and landed safely on the opposite bank. He returned to his sister by a ford below, and, presenting her the birds, flung his arms round her neck, and, blubbering, asked her, if she would now forgive his unkindness.

Such were the minds which Annelly's tuition was to form. To repress the warmth

warmth of temerity, without extinguishing the generous principles from which it arose, and to give firmness to sensibility where it bordered on weakness, without fearing its feelings where they led to virtue, was the task he had marked out for his industry to accomplish. He owned that his plan was frequently interrupted on both sides by the tenderness of paternal affection; but he accustomed himself to remember, that, for his children he was accountable to God and their country. Nor was the situation I have described without difficulties, from the delicacy of preventing inclinations in the extreme, which were laudable in degree; “but here also, said Annesly, it is to be remembered, that no evil is so pernicious as that which grows in the soil from which good should have sprung.”

C H A P. IV.

A very brief account of their education.

ANNESLY was not only the superintendant of his children's manners, but their master in the several branches of education. Reading, writing, arithmetic, the elements of mathematics and geography, with a competent knowledge of the French and Italian languages, they learned together; and while Billy was employed with his father in reading Latin and Greek, his sister received instruction in the female accomplishments, from a better sort of servant, whom Annesly kept for that purpose, whose station had once been superior to servitude, and whom he still treated more as a companion than a domestic. This instructress indeed she lost when
about

about ten years old; but the want was more than supplied by the assistance of another, to wit, Mrs. Wistanly; who devoted many of her leisure hours to the daughter of Annesly, whom she had then got acquainted with, and whom reciprocal worth had attached to her with the sincerest friendship and regard. The dancing-master of a neighbouring town paid them a weekly visit for their instruction in the science he professed; at which time also were held their family-concerts, where Annesly, who was esteemed in his youth a first-rate player on the violin, used to preside. Billy was an excellent second; Mrs. Wistanly or her pupil undertook for the harpsicord, and the dancing-master played base as well as he could. He was not a very capital performer, but he was always very willing; and found as much pleasure

pleasure in his own performance as the best of them. Jack Ryland too would sometimes join in a catch, though indeed he had but two, *Christ-church bells*, and *Jack, thou'rt a toper*; and Annesly alledged that he was often out in the last, but Jack would never allow it.

Besides these, there were certain evenings appropriated to exercises of the mind. "It is not enough, said Annesly, to put weapons into those hands which never have been taught the use of them; the reading we recommend to youth will store their minds with intelligence, if they attend to it properly; but to go a little farther, we must accustom them to apply it, we must teach them the art of comparing the ideas with which it has furnished them." In this view it was the practice, at those
 stated

stated times I have mentioned, for Billy, or his sister, to read a select passage of some classical author, on whose relations they delivered opinions, or on whose sentiments they offered a comment. Never was seen more satisfaction on a countenance, than used to enlighten their father's, at the delivery of those observations, which his little philosophers were accustomed to make: indeed, there could scarcely, even to a stranger, be a more pleasing exhibition; their very errors were delightful, because they were the errors of benevolence, generosity, and virtue.

As punishments are necessary in all societies, Annesly was obliged to invent some for the regulation of his: they consisted only of certain modifications of disgrace. One of them I shall mention, because it

was exactly opposite to the practice of most of our schools; while there, offences are punished by doubling the task of the scholar; with Annelly, the getting of a lesson or performing of an exercise was a privilege, of which a forfeiture was incurred by misbehaviour; to teach his children, that he offered them instructions as a favor, instead of pressing it as a hardship.

Billy had a small part of his father's garden allotted him for his peculiar property, in which he wrought himself, being furnished with no other assistance from the gardener than directions how to manage it, and parcels of the seeds which they enabled him to sow. When he had brought these to maturity, his father purchased the produce; Billy, with part of the purchase-money, was to lay in the stores necessary for

for his future industry, and the overplus he had the liberty of bestowing on charitable uses in the village. The same institution prevailed as to his sister's needle-work or embroidery. "For it is necessary, said Annelly, to give an idea of property, but let it not be separated from the idea of beneficence."

Sometimes, when these sums were traced to their disbursements, it was found, that Harriet's money did not always reach the village, but was intercepted by the piteous recital of a wandering beggar by the way; and that Billy used to appropriate part of his to purposes not purely eleemosynary; as, when he once parted with two thirds of his revenue, to reward a little boy for beating a big one, who had killed his tame sparrow; or another time, when he went

the blamable length of comforting with a shilling a lad, who had been ducked in a horse-pond, for robbing the orchard of a miser.

It was chiefly in this manner of instilling sentiments, (as in the case of the charitable establishment I have mentioned) by leading insensibly to the practice of virtue, rather than by downright precept, that Annesly proceeded with his children; for it was his maxim, that the heart must feel, as well as the judgment be convinced, before the principles we mean to teach can be of habitual service; and that the mind will always be more strongly impressed with ideas which it is led to form of itself, than with those which it passively receives from another. When, at any time, he delivered instructions, they were always clothed

clothed in the garb rather of advices from a friend, than lectures from a father; and were listened to with the warmth of friendship, as well as the humility of veneration. It is in truth somewhat surprising, how little intimacy subsists between parents and their children, especially of our sex; a circumstance, which must operate in conjunction with their natural partiality, to keep the former in ignorance of the genius and disposition of the latter.

Besides all this, his children had the general advantage of a father's example: they saw the virtues he inculcated attended by all the consequences in himself, which he had promised them as their reward: piety in him was recompensed by peace of mind, benevolence by self-satis-

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faction, and integrity by the blessings of a good conscience.

But the time at last arrived, when his son was to leave those instructions and that example, for the walks of more public life: as he was intended, or, more properly speaking, seemed to have an inclination, for a learned profession, his father sent him, in his twentieth year, to receive the finishings of education necessary for that purpose, at one of the universities. Yet he had not, I have heard him say, the most favourable opinion of the general course of education there; but he knew, that a young man might there have an opportunity of acquiring much knowledge, if he were inclined to it; and that good principles might preserve him uncorrupted,

even

even amidst the dangers of some surrounding dissipation : besides, he had an additional inducement to this plan, from the repeated request of a distant relation, who filled an office of some consequence at Oxford, and had expressed a very earnest desire to have his young kinsman sent thither, and placed under his own immediate inspection.

Before he set out for that place, An-
neſly, though he had a ſufficient confidence
in his ſon, yet thought it not improper to
mark out to him ſome of thoſe errors,
to which the unexperienced are liable :
he was not wont, as I have before ob-
ſerved, to preſs inſtruction upon his chil-
dren ; but the young man himſelf ſeemed
to expect it, with the ſolicitude of one who
ventured, not without anxiety, to leave

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that road, where the hand of a parent and friend had hitherto guided him in happiness and safety. The substance of what he delivered to his son and daughter (for she too was an auditor of his discourses) I have endeavoured to collect from some of the papers Mrs. Wistany put into my hands; and to arrange, as far as it seemed arrangeable, in the two following chapters.

It will not, however, after all, have a perfectly-connected appearance; because, I imagine, it was delivered at different times, as occasion invited, or leisure allowed him; but its tendency appeared to be such, that, even under these disadvantages, I could not forbear inserting it.

CHAP.

C H A P. V.

Paternal instructions.—Of suspicion and confidence.—Ridicule.—Religion.—True pleasure.—Caution to the female sex.

YOU are now leaving us, my son, said Annesly, to make your entrance into the world: for, though from the pale of a college, the bustle of ambition, the plodding of business, and the tinsel of gaiety, are supposed to be excluded; yet as it is the place where the persons that are to perform in those several characters often put on the dresses of each, there will not be wanting, even there, those qualities that distinguish in all. I will not shock your imagination with the picture which some men,

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retired from its influence, have drawn of the world ; nor warn you against enormities, into which, I should equally affront your understanding and your feelings, did I suppose you capable of falling. Neither would I arm you with that suspicious caution, which young men are sometimes advised to put on : they who always suspect will often be mistaken, and never be happy. Yet there is a wide distinction between the confidence which becomes a man, and the simplicity that disgraces a fool : he who never trusts is a niggard of his soul, who starves himself, and by whom no other is enriched ; but he who gives every one his confidence, and every one his praise, squanders the fund that should serve for the encouragement of integrity, and the reward of excellence.

In

In the circles of the world your notice may be frequently attracted by objects glaring, not useful ; and your attachment won to characters, whose surfaces are showy, without intrinsic value : in such circumstances be careful not always to impute knowlege to the appearance of acuteness, or give credit to opinions according to the confidence with which they are urged. In the more important articles of belief or conviction, let not the flow of ridicule be mistaken for the force of argument. Nothing is so easy as to excite a laugh, at that time of life, when seriousness is held to be an incapacity of enjoying it ; and no wit so futile, or so dangerous, as that which is drawn from the perverted attitudes of what is in itself momentous. There are in most societies a set of self-important young men, who

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borrow consequence from singularity, and take precedency in wisdom from the unfeeling use of the ludicrous; this is at best a shallow quality; in objects of eternal moment, it is poisonous to society. I will not now, nor could you then, stand forth armed at all points to repel the attacks which they may make on the great principles of your belief; but let one suggestion suffice, exclusive of all internal evidence, or extrinsic proof of revelation. He that would undermine those foundations upon which the fabric of our future hope is reared, seeks to beat down that column, which supports the feebleness of humanity:—let him but think a moment, and his heart will arrest the cruelty of his purpose;—would he pluck its little treasure from the bosom of poverty? would he wrest its crutch from the hand of age, and

and remove from the eye of affliction the only solace of its woe? The way we tread is rugged at best; we tread it, however, lighter by the prospect of that better country to which we trust it will lead; tell us not that it will end in the gulph of eternal dissolution, or break off in some wild, which fancy may fill up as she pleases, but reason is unable to delineate; quench not that beam, which, amidst the night of this evil world, has cheared the despondency of ill-requited worth, and illumined the darkness of suffering virtue.

The two great movements of the soul, which the molder of our frames has placed in them for the incitement of virtue and the prevention of vice, are the desire of honour, and the fear of shame: but the perversion of these qualities, which the refine-

ment of society is peculiarly unhappy in making, has drawn their influence from the standard of morality, to the banners of its opposite; into the first step on which a young man ventures, in those paths which the cautions of wisdom have warned him to avoid, he is commonly pushed by the fear of that ridicule which he has seen levelled at simplicity, and the desire of that applause which the spirit of the profligate has enabled him to acquire.

Pleasure is in truth subservient to virtue. When the first is pursued without those restraints which the last would impose, every infringement we make on them lessens the enjoyment we mean to attain; and nature is thus wise in our construction, that, when we would be blessed beyond the pale of reason, we are blessed imperfectly.

fectly. It is not by the roar of riot, or the shout of the bacchanal, that we are to measure the degree of pleasure which he feels; the grossness of the sense he gratifies is equally insusceptible of the enjoyment, as it is deaf to the voice of reason; and, obdured by the repetition of debauch, is incapable of that delight which the finer sensations produce, which thrills in the bosom of delicacy and virtue.

Libertines have said, my Harriet, that the smiles of your sex attend them: and that the pride of conquest, where conquest is difficult, overcomes the fear of disgrace and defeat. I hope there is less truth in this remark than is generally imagined; let it be my Harriet's belief that it cannot be true for the honour of her sex; let it be her care that, for her own

honour, it may be false as to her. Look on those men, my child, even in their gayest and most alluring garb, as creatures dangerous to the peace, and destructive of the welfare of society; look on them as you would on a beautiful serpent, whose mischief we may not forget while we admire the beauties of its skin. I marvel indeed how the pride of the fair can allow them to show a partiality to him, who regards them as beings merely subservient to his pleasure, in whose opinion they have lost all that dignity which excites reverence, and that excellence which creates esteem.

Be accustomed, my love, to think respectfully of yourself; it is the error of the gay world to place your sex in a station somewhat unworthy of a reasonable creature;

ture; and the individuals of ours who address themselves to you, think it a necessary ingredient in their discourse, that it should want every solid property with which sense and understanding would invest it. The character of a female pedant is undoubtedly disgusting; but it is much less common than that of a trifling or an ignorant woman: the intercourse of the sex is, in this respect, advantageous, that each has a desire to please, mingled with a certain deference for the other; let not this purpose be lost on one side, by its being supposed, that, to please yours, we must speak something, in which fashion has sanctified folly, and ease lent her garb to insignificance. In general it should never be forgotten, that, though life has its venial trifles, yet they cease to be innocent when they encroach upon its important

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tant concerns; the mind that is often employed about little things, will be rendered unfit for any serious exertion; and, though temporary relaxations may recruit its strength, habitual vacancy will destroy it.

CHAP. VI.

In continuation.—Of knowlege.—Knowlege of the world.—Politeness.—Honour.—Another rule of action suggested.

AS the mind may be weakened by the pursuit of trivial matters, so its strength may be misled in deeper investigations.

It is a capital error in the pursuit of knowlege, to suppose that we are never to believe what we cannot account for. There is no reason why we should not attempt to understand every thing; but to own in some instances our limited knowlege, is a piece of modesty in which lies the truest wisdom.

Let

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Let it be our care that our effort in its tendency is *useful*, and our effort need not be repressed; for he that attempts the impossible, will often atchieve the extremely difficult; but the pride of knowlege often labours to gain what if gained would be useless, and wastes exertion upon objects that have been left unattained from their futility. Men possessed of this desire, you may perhaps find, my son, in that seat of science whither you are going: but remember, that what claims our wonder, does not always merit our regard; and in knowlege and philosophy be careful to distinguish, that the purpose of research should ever be fixed on making simple what is abstruse, not abstruse what is simple; and that difficulty in acquisition will no more sanctify its inexpediency, than the art of tumblers, who have learned to stand on
their

their heads, will prove that to be the proper posture for man.

There is a pedantry in being master of paradoxes contrary to the common opinions of mankind, which is equally disgusting to the illiterate and the learned. The peasant who enjoys the beauty of the tulip, is equally delighted with the philosopher, though he knows not the powers of the rays from which its colours are derived; and the boy who strikes a ball with his racket, is as certain whither it will be driven by the blow, as if he were perfectly versant in the dispute about matter and motion. Vanity of our knowledge is generally found in the first stages of its acquirement, because we are then looking back to that rank we have left, of such as know nothing at all. Greater advances

advances cure us of this, by pointing our view to those above us ; and when we reach the summit, we begin to discover, that human knowlege is so imperfect, as not to warrant any vanity upon it. In particular arts beware of that affectation of speaking technically, by which ignorance is often disguised, and knowlege disgraced. They who are really skilful in the principles of science, will acquire the veneration only of shallow minds by talking scientifically ; for, to simplify expression, is always the effect of the deepest knowlege, and the clearest discernment. On the other hand, there may be many who possess taste, though they have not attained skill ; who, if they will be contented with the expression of their own feelings, without labouring to keep up the borrowed phrase of erudition, will have

have their opinions respected by all whose suffrages are worthy of being gained. The music, the painting, the poetry of the passions, is the property of every one who has a heart to be moved; and though there may be particular modes of excellence which national or temporary fashions create, yet that standard will ever remain which alone is common to all.

The ostentation of learning is indeed always disgusting in the intercourse of society; for even the benefit of instruction received cannot allay the consciousness of inferiority, and remarkable parts more frequently attract admiration than procure esteem. To bring forth knowledge agreeably, as well as usefully, is perhaps very difficult for those, who have attained it in the secluded walks of study and speculation.

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ulation, and is an art seldom found but in men who have likewise acquired some knowlege of the world.

I would however distinguish between that knowlege of the world that fits us for intercourse with the better part of mankind, and that which we gain by associating with the worst.

But there is a certain learned rust which men as well as metals acquire ; it is, simply speaking, a blemish in both ; the social feelings grow callous from disuse, and we lose that spring of little affections, which sweeten the cup of life as we drink it.

Even the ceremonial of the world, shallow as it may appear, is not without its use ; it may indeed take from the warmth of friendship, but it covers the coldness of

of indifference; and if it has repressed the genuine overflowings of kindness, it has smothered the turbulence of passion and animosity.

Politeness taught as an art is ridiculous; as the expression of liberal sentiment and courteous manners, it is truly valuable. There is a politeness of the heart which is confined to no rank, and dependent upon no education: the desire of obliging, which a man possessed of this quality will universally show, seldom fails of pleasing, though his stile may differ from that of modern refinement. I knew a man in London, of the gentlest manners, and of the most winning deportment; whose eye was ever brightened with the smiles of good-humour, and whose voice was mellowed with the tones of complacency;—and this man was bred a blacksmith!

The

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The falsehood of politeness is often pleaded for, as unavoidable in the commerce of mankind; yet I would have it as little indulged as possible. There is a frankness without rusticity, an openness of manner, prompted by good-humour, but guided by delicacy, which some are happy enough to possess, that engages every worthy man, and gives not offence even to those, whose good opinion, though of little estimation, it is the business of prudence not wantonly to lose.

The circles of the gay, my children, would smile to hear me talk of qualities which my retired manner of life has allowed me so little opportunity of observing; but true good-breeding is not confined within those bounds to which their pedantry (if I may use the expression)

I

would

would restrict it: true good-breeding is the sister of philanthropy, with feelings perhaps not so serious or tender, but equally inspired by a fineness of soul, and open to the impressions of social affection.

As politeness is the rule of the world's manners, so has it erected *Honour* the standard of its morality; but its dictates too frequently depart from wisdom with respect to ourselves, from justice and humanity with respect to others. Genuine honour is undoubtedly the offspring of both; but there has arisen a counterfeit, who, as he is more boastful and showy, has more attracted the notice of gaiety and grandeur. Generosity and courage are the virtues he boasts of possessing; but his generosity is a fool, and his courage a murderer.

The

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The punctilio's indeed on which he depends, for his own peace, and the peace of society, are so ridiculous in the eye of reason, that it is not a little surprising, how so many millions of reasonable beings should have sanctified them with their mutual consent and acquiescence; that they should have agreed to surround the seats of friendship, and the table of festivity, with so many thorns of inquietude, and snares of destruction.

You will probably hear, my son, very frequent applause bestowed on men of nice and jealous honour, who suffer not the smallest affront to pass unquestioned or unrevenged; but do not imagine that the character which is most sacredly guarded, is always the most unsullied in reality, nor allow yourself to envy a reputation for

8

that

that sort of valour which supports it. Think how uneasily that man must pass his time, who sits, like a spider in the midst of his feeling web, ready to catch the minutest occasion for quarrel and resentment. There is often more real pusillanimity in the mind that starts into opposition where none is necessary, than in him who overlooks the wanderings of some unguarded act or expression, as not of consequence enough to challenge indignation or revenge. I am aware, that the young and high-spirited will say, that men can only judge of actions, and that they will hold as cowardice, the blindness I would recommend to affront or provocation; but there is a steady coolness and possession of one's self, which this principle will commonly bestow, equally remote from

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the weakness of fear, and the discomposure of anger, which gives to its possessor a station that seldom fails of commanding respect, even from the ferocious votaries of sanguinary *Honour*.

But some principle is required to draw a line of action, above the mere precepts of moral equity,

“Beyond the fixt and settled rules;”

and for this purpose is instituted the motive of *Honour*:—there is another at hand, which the substitution of this phantom too often destroys—it is *Conscience*—whose voice, were it not stifled (sometimes by this very false and spurious *Honour*) would lead directly to that liberal construction of the rules of morality which is here contended for. Let my children
never

never suffer this monitor to speak unheeded, nor drown its whispers, amidst the din of pleasure, or the bustle of life. Consider it as the representative of that Power who spake the soul into being, and in whose disposal existence is ! To listen therefore to his unwritten law which he promulgates by its voice, has every sanction which his authority can give. It were enough to say that we are mortal ;—but the argument is irresistible, when we remember our Immortality.

C H A P. VII.

Introducing a new and capital Character.

IT was thus the good man instructed his children.

But, behold! the enemy came in the night and sowed tares!

Such an enemy had the harmless family of which Annelly was the head. It is ever to be regretted, that mischief is seldom so weak but that worth may be stung by it; in the present instance, however, it was supported by talents misapplied and ingenuity perverted.

Sir Thomas Sindall enjoyed an estate of 5000l. a year in Annelly's parish.

His father left him, when but a child, possessed of an estate to the amount we have just mentioned, and of a very large sum of money besides, which his economy had saved him from its produce. His mother, though a very good woman, was a very bad parent; she loved her son, as too many mothers do, with that instinctive affection which nature has bestowed on the lowest rank of creatures. She loved him as her son, though he inherited none of her virtues; and because she happened to have no other child, she reared this in such a manner, as was most likely to prevent the comfort he might have afforded herself, and the usefulness of which he might have been to society. In short, he did what he liked, at first because his spirit should not be confined too early, and afterwards

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he did what he liked, because it was past being confined at all.

But his temper was not altogether of that fiery kind, which some young men, so circumstanced, and so educated, are possessed of. There was a degree of prudence which grew up with him from a boy, that tempered the fallies of passion to make its object more sure in the acquisition. When at school, he was always the conductor of mischief, though he did not often participate in its execution; and his carriage to his master was such, that he was a favourite without any abilities as a scholar, and acquired a character for regularity, while his associates were daily flogged for transgressions, which he had guided in their progress, and enjoyed the fruits of

of in their completion. There sometimes arose suspicions of the reality; but even those who discovered them mingled a certain degree of praise with their censure, and prophesied, that he would be *A Man of the World*.

As he advanced in life, he fashioned his behaviour to the different humours of the gentlemen in the neighbourhood; he hunted with the fox-hunters through the day, and drank with them in the evening. With these he diverted himself at the expence of the sober prigs, as he termed them, that looked after the improvement of their estates when it was fair, and read a book within doors when it rained; and to-morrow he talked on farming with this latter class, and ridiculed the hunting phrases, and

boisterous mirth of his yesterday's companions. They were very well pleased to laugh at one another, while he laughed in his sleeve at both. This was sometimes discovered, and people were going to be angry—but somebody said in excuse that Sindall was *A Man of the World*.

While the Oxford-terms lasted, (to which place he had gone in the course of modern education) there were frequent reports in the country of the dissipated life he led; it was even said that he had disappeared from college for six weeks together, during which time he was suspected of having taken a trip to London with another man's wife; this was only mentioned in a whisper; it was loudly denied; people doubted at first, and shortly forgot it,

it. Some little extravagances they said he might have been guilty of. It was impossible for a man of two and twenty to seclude himself altogether from company; and you could not look for the temperance of a hermit in a young baronet of 5000*l.* a year. It is indispensable for such a man to come forth into life a little; with 5000*l.* a year, one must be *A Man of the World.*

His first tutor, whose learning was as extensive, as his manners were pure, left him in disgust; sober people wondered at this; but he was soon provided with another with whom he had got acquainted at Oxford: one whom every body declared to be much fitter for the tuition of young Sindall, being like his pupil, *A Man of the World.*

But though his extravagance in squandering money, under the tuition of this gentleman, was frequently complained of, yet it was found that he was not altogether thoughtless of its acquisition. Upon the sale of an estate in his neighbourhood, it was discovered that a very advantageous mortgage, which had stood in the name of another, had been really transacted for the benefit of young Sindall. His prudent friends plumed themselves upon this intelligence; and according to their use of the phrase, began to hope, that, after sowing his wild oats, fir Thomas would turn out *A Man of the World*.

C H A P. VIII.

*The Footing on which he stood with Annesly
and his Family.*

THOUGH such a man as we have described might be reckoned a valuable acquaintance by many, he was otherwise reckoned by Annesly; he had heard enough (though he had heard but part) of his character, to consider him as a dangerous neighbour; but it was impossible to avoid sometimes seeing him, from whose father he had got the living which he now occupied. There is no tax so heavy on a little man, as an acquaintance with a great one. Annesly had found this in the life-time of Sir William Sindall. He was one of those whom the general voice pronounces to be a good sort of man, under which

denomination I never look for much sense, or much delicacy. In fact the baronet possessed but little of either; he lived hospitably for his own sake, as well as that of his guests, because he liked a good dinner and a bottle of wine after it; and in one part of hospitality he excelled, which was, the faculty of making every body drunk that had not uncommon fortitude to withstand his attacks. Annesly's cloth protected him from this last inconvenience; but it often drew from Sir William a set of jests, which his memory had enabled him to retain, and had passed through the heirs of his family, like their estate, down from the days of that monarch of facetious memory, Charles the Second.

Though

Though to a man of Annesly's delicacy all this could not but be highly disagreeable, yet gratitude made him Sir William's guest often enough to show that he had not forgot that attention which his past favours demanded; and Sir William recollected them from another motive, to wit, that they gave a sanction to those liberties he sometimes used with him who had received them. This might have been held sufficient to have cancelled the obligation; but Annesly was not wont to be directed by the easiest rules of virtue; the impression still remained, and it even descended to the son after the death of the father.

Sindall therefore was a frequent guest at his house; and, though it might have been imagined, that the dissipated
mind

mind of a young man of his fortune would have found but little delight in Annesly's humble shed, yet he seemed to enjoy its simplicity with the highest relish; he possessed indeed that pliancy of disposition that could wonderfully accommodate himself to the humour of every one around him; and he so managed matters in his visits to Annesly, that this last began to imagine the reports he had heard concerning him, to be either entirely false, or at least aggravated much beyond truth.

From what motive soever Sindall began these visits, he soon discovered a very strong inducement to continue them. Harriet Annesly was now arrived at the size, if not the age of womanhood; and possessed an uncommon degree of beauty and elegance of form.

In

In her face joined to the most perfect symmetry of features was a melting expression, suited to that sensibility of soul we have mentioned her to be endowed with. In her person, rather above the common size, she exhibited a degree of ease and gracefulness which nature alone had given, and art was not allowed to diminish. Upon such a woman Sindall could not look with indifference; and according to his principles of libertinism, he had marked her as a prey, which his situation gave him opportunities of pursuing, and which one day he could not fail to possess.

In the course of his acquaintance he began to discover, that the softness of her soul was distant from simplicity, and that much art would be necessary to overcome a virtue, which the hand of
a parent

a parent had carefully fortified. He assumed therefore the semblance of those tender feelings, which were most likely to gain the esteem of the daughter, while he talked with that appearance of candour and principle, which he thought necessary to procure him the confidence of the father. He would frequently confess, with a sigh, that his youth had been sometimes unwarily drawn into error; then grasp Annesly's hand, and looking earnestly in his face, beg him to strengthen by his counsel the good resolutions which he thanked heaven he had been enabled to make. Upon the whole, he continued to gain such a degree of estimation with the family, that the young folks spoke of his seeming good qualities with pleasure, and their father mentioned his supposed foibles with regret.

C H A P. IX.

Young Annesly goes to Oxford—The Friendship of Sindall—Its Consequences.

UPON its being determined that young Annesly should go to Oxford, Sir Thomas showed him remarkable kindness and attention. He conducted him thither in his own carriage; and as his kinsman, to whose charge he was committed, happened accidentally to be for some time unable to assign him an apartment in his house, Sindall quitted his own lodging to accommodate him. To a young man newly lanced into life, removed from the only society he had ever known, to another composed of strangers, such assiduity of notice could not be but highly pleasing; and in his letters to his father he did not fail to set forth,

forth, in the strongest manner, the obligations he had to sir Thomas. His father, whom years had taught wisdom, but whose warmth of gratitude they had not diminished, felt the favour as acutely as his son; nor did the foresight of meaner souls arise in his breast to abate its acknowledgment.

The hopes which he had formed of his Billy were not disappointed. He very soon distinguished himself in the university for learning and genius; and in the correspondence of his kinsman were recited daily instances of the notice which his parts attracted. But his praise was cold in comparison with Sindall's; he wrote to Annelly of his young friend's acquirement and abilities, in a strain of enthusiastic encomium; and seemed to
 speak

speak the language of his own enjoyment,
 at the applause of others which he repeated.
 It was on this side that Annesly's soul was
 accessible, for on this side lay that pride
 which is the weakness of all. On this side
 did Sindall overcome it.

From those very qualities also which
 he applauded in the son, he derived the
 temptation with which he meant to se-
 duce him; for such was the plan of ex-
 quisite mischief he had formed; besides
 the common desire of depravity to make
 profelytes from innocence, he considered
 the virtue of the brother as that structure
 on the ruin of which he was to accomplish
 the conquest of the sister's. He intro-
 duced him therefore into the company of
 some of the most artful of his own asso-
 ciates, who loudly echoed the praises he
 lavished

lavished on his friend, and showed, or pretended to show, that value for his acquaintance, which was the strongest recommendation of their own. The diffidence which Annesly's youth and inexperience had at first laid upon his mind, they removed by the encouragement which their approbation of his opinions bestowed; and he found himself indebted to them both for an ease of delivering his sentiments, and the reputation which their suffrages conferred upon them.

For all this, however, they expected a return; and Annesly had not fortitude to deny it—an indulgence for some trivial irregularities which they now and then permitted to appear in their conversation. At first their new acquaintance took no notice of them at all; he found that he could

could not approve, and it would have hurt him to condemn. By degrees he began to allow them his laugh, though his soul was little at ease under the gaiety which his features assumed—once or twice when the majority against him appeared to be small, he ventured to argue, though with a caution of giving offence, against some of the sentiments he heard. Upon these occasions Sindall artfully joined him in the argument; but they were always overcome. He had to deal with men who were skilled, by a mere act of the memory, in all the sophisms which voluptuaries have framed to justify the unbounded pursuit of pleasure; and those who had not learning to argue, had assurance to laugh. Yet Annesly's conviction was not changed; but the edge of his abhorrence to vice was blunted; and
though

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though his virtue kept her post, she found herself gall'd in maintaining it.

It was not till some time after, that they ventured to solicit his participation of their pleasures; and it was not till after many solicitations that his innocence was overcome. But the progress of their victories was rapid after his first defeat. And he shortly attained the station of experienced vice, and began to assume a superiority from the undauntedness with which he practised it.

But it was necessary, the while, to deceive that relation under whose inspection his father had placed him; in truth it was no very hard matter to deceive him. He was a man of that abstracted disposition, that is seldom conversant with any thing
around

around it. Simplicity of manners was, in him, the effect of an apathy in his constitution (encreased by constant study) that was proof against all violence of passion or desire; and he thought, if he thought of the matter at all, that all men were like himself, whose indolence could never be overcome by the pleasure of pursuit, or the joys of attainment. Besides all this, Mr. Lumley, that tutor of Sindall's whom we have formerly mentioned, was a man the best calculated in the world for lulling his suspicions asleep, if his nature had ever allowed them to arise. This man, whose parts were of that pliable kind that easily acquire a superficial knowledge of every thing, possessed the talent of hypocrisy as deeply as the desire of pleasure; and while in reality he was the most profligate of men, he had that command of passion, which

which never suffered it to intrude where he could wish it concealed; he preserved in the opinion of Mr. Jephson, the gravity of a studious and contemplative character which was so congenial to his own: and he would often rise from a metaphysical discussion with the old gentleman, leaving him in admiration of the depth of his reading, and the acuteness of his parts, to join the debauch of Sindall and his dissolute companions.

By his assistance therefore Annesly's dissipation was effectually screened from the notice of his kinsman; Jephson was even prevailed on by false suggestions to write to the country continued encomiums on his sobriety and application to study; and the father, who was happy in believing him, enquired no farther.

C H A P. X.

A very gross attempt is made on Annesly's honour.

SINDALL having brought the mind of his proselyte to that conformity of sentiment to which he had thus laboured to reduce it, ventured to discover to him the passion he had conceived for his sister. The occasion, however, on which he discovered it, was such a one as he imagined gave him some title to be listened to.

Annesly had an allowance settled on him by his father, rather in truth above what his circumstances might warrant with propriety; but as the feelings of the good man's heart were, in every virtuous purpose, somewhat beyond the limitations

of his fortune, he inclined rather to pinch himself, than to stop any channel through which advantage might flow to his son; and meant his education and his manners to be in every respect liberal and accomplished.

But this allowance ill sufficed to gratify the extravagance which his late connexion had taught him; he began very soon to know a want which he had never hitherto experienced: at first this not only limited his pleasures, but began to check the desire of them, and in some measure served to awaken that sense of contrition, which their rotation had before overcome. But Sindall took care that he should not be thus left to reflexion; and as soon as he guessed the cause, prevented its continuance by an immediate supply, offered,

offered, and indeed urged, with all the open warmth of disinterested friendship. From being accustomed to receive, Annesly at last overcame the shame of asking, and applied repeatedly for sums, under the denomination of loans, for the payment of which he could only draw upon contingency. His necessities were the more frequent, as, amongst other arts of pleasure which he had lately acquired, that of gaming had not been omitted.

Having one night lost a sum, considerably above what he was able to pay, to a member of their society with whom he was in no degree of intimacy, he gave him his note payable the next morning (for this was the regulated limitation of their credit) though he knew that to-morrow would find him as poor as to-night. On

these particular occasions, when his hours would have been so highly irregular, that they could not escape the censure of Mr. Jephson, or his family, he used to pretend, that, for the sake of disentangling some point of study with Sindall and his tutor, he had passed the night with them at their lodgings, and what small portion of it was allowed for sleep he did actually spend there. After this loss therefore, he accompanied Sindall home, and could not, it may well be supposed, conceal from him the shagreen it occasioned. His friend as usual advanced him money for discharging the debt. Annelly, who never had had occasion to borrow so much from him before, expressed his sorrow at the necessity which his honour laid him under, of accepting so large a sum. Poh! answered Sindall, 'tis but a trifle, and what a man must

must now and then lose to be thought genteelly of. "Yes, if his fortune can afford it," said the other gloomily. Ay, there's the rub, returned his friend; that fortune should have constituted an inequality where nature made none. How just is the complaint of Jaffier,

Tell me why, good heav'n!
Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the spirit,
Aspiring thoughts and elegant desires,
That fill the happiest man?

That such should be the lot of my friend, I can regret—thanks to my better stars, I can more than regret it. What is the value of this dross (holding a handful of gold) but to make the situation of merit level with its deservings? Yet, believe me, there are wants which riches cannot remove, desires which sometimes they cannot satisfy; even at this moment, your seeming-happy Sindall, in whose lap fortune

has poured her blessings, has his cares, my Annesly has his inquietudes, which need the hand of friendship to comfort and to sooth."

Annesly, with all the warmth of his nature, insisted on partaking his uneasiness, that if he could not alleviate, he might at least condole with his distress.

Sindall embraced him; "I know your friendship, said he, and I will put it to the proof. You have a sister, the lovely, the adorable Harriet; she has robb'd me of that peace which the smile of fortune cannot restore, as her frown has been unable to take away! did you know the burnings of this bosom! but I speak unthinkingly what perhaps my delicacy should not have whispered, even in the ear of friendship.

Pardon

Pardon me—the ardor of a love like mine may be forgiven some extravagance.”

Annesly's eyes sufficiently testified his inward satisfaction at this discovery, but he recollected the dignity which his situation required, and replied calmly, “that he pretended no guidance of his sister's inclinations; that his own gratitude for sir Thomas's favours he had ever loudly declared; and that he knew his sister felt enough on his account, to make the introduction of her brother's friend a more than usually favourable one.”

“But my situation, returned Sindall, is extremely particular; you have heard my opinions on the score of love often declared; and trust me, they are the genuine sentiments of my heart. The trammels

of form, which the unfeeling custom of the world has thrown upon the freedom of mutual affection, are insupportable to that fineness of soul, to which restraint and happiness are terms of opposition. Let my mistress be my mistress still, with all the privileges of a wife, without a wife's indifference or a wife's disquiet.—My fortune the property of her and her friends, but that liberty alone reserved, which is the strongest bond of the affection she should wish to possess from me.”—He looked stedfastly in Annesly's face, which by this time began to assume every mark of resentment and indignation. He eyed him ascant with an affected smile:—“ You smile, sir,” said Annesly, whose breath was stifled by the swelling of his heart—Sindall laugh'd aloud: “ I am a wretched hypocrite, said he, and could contain myself

self no longer." "So you were but in jest, it seems," replied the other, settling his features into a dry composure. "My dear Annelly, returned he, had you but seen the countenance this trial of mine gave you; it would have made a picture worthy of the gallery of Florence. I wanted to have a perfect idea of surprise, indignation, struggling friendship, and swelling honour, and I think I succeeded.—But I keep you from your rest—Good night—and he walked out of the room."

Annelly had felt too much to be able to resign himself speedily to rest; he could not but think this joke of his friend rather a serious one; yet he had seen him sometimes carry this species of wit to a very extraordinary length; but the indelicacy

of the present instance was not to be easily accounted for—he doubted, believed, was angry, and pacified by turns; the remembrance of his favours arose; they arose at first in a form that added to the malignity of the offence; then the series in which they had been bestowed, seem'd to plead on the other side. At last, when worn by the fighting of contrary emotions, he look'd forward to the consequences of a rupture with Sindall; the pleasures of that society of which he was the leader, the habitual tie which it had got on Annesly's soul, prevail'd; for he had by this time lost that satisfaction which was wont to flow from himself. He shut his mind against the suggestions of any further suspicion, and, with that winking cowardice, which many mistake for resolution, was resolved to trust him for
his

his friend, whom it would have hurt him to consider as an enemy.

Sindall, on the other hand, discovered that the youth was not so entirely at his disposal as he had imagined him; and that though he was profelyte enough to be wicked, he must be led a little farther to be useful.

C H A P. XI.

Annesly gives farther proofs of depravity of manners. The effect it has on his father, and the consequences with regard to his connexion with Sindall.

TO continue that train of dissipation, in which their pupil had been initiated, was the business of Sindall and his associates. Though they contrived, as we have before mentioned, to escape the immediate notice of Mr. Jephson, yet the eyes of others could not be so easily blinded; the behaviour of Annesly began to be talk'd of for its irregularity, and the more so, for the change which it had undergone from that simplicity of manners which he had brought with him to Oxford. And some one, whether from
regard

regard to him, or what other motive I know not, informed his kinsman of what every one but his kinsman suspected.

Upon this information he gave the young man a lecture in the usual terms of admonition; but an effort was always painful to him, even where the office was more agreeable than that of reproof. He had recourse therefore to the assistance of his fellow-philosopher Mr. Lumley, whom he informed of the accounts he had received of Annesly's imprudence, and entreated to take the proper measures, from his influence with the young gentleman, to make him sensible of the impropriety of his past conduct, and to prevent its continuance for the future.

Lumley expressed his surprize at this intelligence, with unparallel'd command
of

LIO THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

of features; regretted the too-prevailing dissipation of youth, affected to doubt the truth of the accusation, but promised at the same time, to make the proper enquiries into the fact, and take the most prudent method of preventing a consequence so dangerous, as that of drawing from the road of his duty, one whom he believed to be possessed of so many good qualities as Mr. Annesly.

Whether Mr. Lumley employed his talents towards his reformation or degeneracy, it is certain that Annesly's conduct betrayed many marks of the latter; at last, in an hour of intoxication, having engaged in a quarrel with one of his companions, it produced consequences so notorious, that the proctor could not fail to take notice of it; and that officer of the university having interposed his authority,

in

in a manner which the humour of Annesly, inflammable as it then was, could not brook, he broke forth into some extravagances so personally offensive, that when the matter came to be canvassed, nothing short of expulsion was talk'd of as a punishment for the offence.

It was then that Mr. Jephson first informed his father of those irregularities which his son had been guilty of. His father indeed, from the discontinuance of that gentleman's correspondence much beyond the usual time, had begun to make some unfavorable conjectures; but he accounted for this neglect from many different causes; and when once his ingenuity had taken that side of the argument, it quickly found means to convince him that his kinsman's silence could not be imputed to any fault of his son.

It

It was at the close of one of their solitary meals that this account of Jephson's happened to reach Annesly and his daughter. Harriet never forgot her Billy's health, and she had now filled her father's glass to the accustomed pledge, when the servant brought them a letter with the Oxford mark on it. Read it, my love, said Annesly, with a smile, while he began to blame his suspicions at the silence of his kinsman. Harriet began reading accordingly, but she had scarce got through the first sentence, when the matter it contained rendered her voice inarticulate. Her father took the letter out of her hand, and after perusing it, he put it in his pocket, keeping up a look of composure amidst the anguish with which his heart was wrung. "Alas!" said Harriet, what has my brother done?" he press'd her.

her involuntarily to his bosom, and it was then that he could not restrain his tears—

“Your brother, my love, has forgotten us; he has forgotten the purity which here is happiness, and I fear has ill exchanged it for what the world calls pleasure; but this is the first of his wanderings, and we will endeavour to call him back into the path he has left. Reach me the pen, ink, and paper, my love.”—

“I will go, said she, sobbing, and pray for him the while.” Annesly sat down to write—“My dearest boy!”—’twas a movement grown mechanical to his pen—he dashed through the words, and a tear fell on the place;—ye know not, ye who revel in the wantonness of dissipation, and scoff at the solicitude of parental affection! ye know not the agony of such a tear;

tear; else—ye are men, and it were beyond the depravity of nature.

It was not till after more than one blotted scrawl, that he was able to write, what the man might claim, and the parent should approve. The letter which he at last determined to send was of the following tenor :

“ My son,

“ With anguish I write what I trust will be read with contrition. I am not skilled in the language of rebuke, and it was once my pride to have such a son that I needed not to acquire it. If he has not lost the feelings by which the silent sorrows of a father's heart are understood, I shall have no need of words to recal him from that conduct by which they are caused. In the midst of what he will now term pleasure,

pleasure, he may have forgotten the father and the friend; let this tear, with which my paper is blotted, awaken his remembrance; it is not the first I have shed; but it is the first which flowed from my affliction mingled with disgrace. Had I been only weeping for my son, I should have found some melancholy comfort to support me; while I blush for him, I have no consolation.

“ But the future is yet left to him and to me; let the reparation be immediate, as the wrong was great; that the tongue which speaks of your shame may be stopt with the information of your amendment.”

He had just finished this letter when Harriet entered the room: “ Will my
 dear

dear papa forgive me, said she, if I inclose a few lines under this cover.”—

“Forgive you, my dear! it cannot offend me.” She laid her hand on his letter, and look’d as if she would have said something more; he press’d her hand in his; a tear which had just budded in her eye, now dropp’d to the ground. “You have not been harsh to my Billy:” she blush’d as she spoke; and her father kiss’d her cheek as it blush’d.—She inclosed the following note to her brother:

“Did my dearest Billy but know the sorrow which he has given the most indulgent of fathers, he could not less than his Harriet regret the occasion of it.

“But things may be represented worse than they really are—I am busy at framing

ming excuses ; but I will say nothing more on a subject, which, by this time, my brother must have thought enough on.

“ Alas ! that you should leave this seat of innocent delight ; but men were made for bustle and society : yet we might have been happy here together ; there are in other hearts, wishes which they call ambition ; mine shrinks at the thought, and would shelter for ever amidst the sweets of this humble spot. Would that its partner were here to taste them ! the shrub-walk, you mark’d out through the little grove, I have been careful to trim in your absence—’tis wild, melancholy, and thoughtful. It is there that I think most of my Billy.

“ But

“ But at this time, besides his absence, there is another cause to allay the pleasure which the beauties of nature should bestow. My dear papa is far from being well. He has no fix'd complaint; but he looks thin and pale, and his appetite is almost entirely gone; yet he will not let me say that he ails: oh! my brother! I dare not think more that way. Would you were here to comfort me; in the mean time remember your ever affectionate

HARRIET.”

Annesly was just about to dispatch these letters, when he received one expressed in the most sympathizing terms from sir Thomas Sindall. That young gentleman, after touching, in the tenderest manner, on the pain which a father must feel from the errors of his children, administered

administered the only comfort that was left to administer, by representing, that young Annesly's fault had been exaggerated much beyond the truth, and that it was entirely owing to the effects of a warm temper, accidentally inflamed with liquor, and provoked by some degree of insolence in the officer to whom the outrage had been offer'd; he particularly regretted that his present disposition towards sobriety, had prevented himself from being present at that meeting, in which case, he said, he was pretty certain this unlucky affair had never happened; that, as it was, the only thing left for his friendship to do, was to amend what it had not lain within his power to prevent; and he begg'd, as a testimony of the old gentleman's regard, that he might honour him so far as to commit to him the care of setting matters

to rights with regard to the character of his son, which he hoped to be soon able effectually to restore.

The earliest consolation which a man receives after any calamity is hallowed for ever in his regard, as a benighted traveller caresses the dog whose barking first announced him to be near the habitations of men. It was so with Annesly; his unsuspecting heart overflowed with gratitude towards this friend of his son, and he now grew lavish of his confidence towards him, in proportion as he recollected having once (in his present opinion unjustly) denied it.

He returned therefore an answer to sir Thomas, with all those genuine expressions of acknowledgment, which the honest

honest emotions of his soul could dictate; he accepted, as the greatest obligation, that concern which he took in the welfare of his son, and chearfully reposed on his care the trust which his friendship desired; and as a proof of it, he inclosed to him the letter he had wrote to William, to be delivered at what time, and enforced in what manner, his prudence should suggest.

C H A P. XII.

The plan which Sindall forms for obliterating the stain which the character of his friend had suffered.

SIR Thomas did accordingly deliver this letter of Annelly's to his son ; and as the penitence which the young man then felt for his recent offence, made the assumption of a character of sobriety proper, he accompanied this paternal remonstrance with advices of his own, dictated alike by friendship and prudence.

They were at this time, indeed, but little necessary ; in the interval between the paroxysms of pleasure and dissipation, the genuine feelings of his nature had time to arise ; and, awakened as they now

were

were by the letters of his father and sister, their voice was irresistible: he kiss'd the signature of their names a thousand times, and, weeping on Sindall's neck, imprecated the wrath of heaven on his own head, that could thus heap affliction on the age of the best of parents.

He express'd at the same time his intention of leaving Oxford, and returning home, as an immediate instance of his desire of reformation. Sir Thomas, though he gave all the praise to this purpose which its filial piety deserved, yet doubted the propriety of putting it in execution; he said, that in the little circles of the country, Annesly's penitence would not so immediately blot out his offence, but that the weak and the illiberal would shun the contagion, as it were, of his company,

and that he would meet every day with affronts and neglects, which the sincerity of his repentance ill deserved, and his consciousness of that sincerity might not easily brook. He told him, that a young gentleman, a friend of his, who was just going to set out on a tour abroad, had but a few days before written to him, desiring his recommendation of some body, with the manners and education of a gentleman, to accompany him on his travels, and that he believed he could easily procure that station for his friend; which would have the double advantage, of removing him from the obloquy to which the late accident had subjected him, and of improving him in every respect, by the opportunity it would give, of observing the laws, customs, and polity of our neighbours on the Continent.

While

While the depression produced by Annelly's consciousness of his offences remained strong upon his mind, this proposal met with no very warm reception; but, in proportion as the comfort and encouragement of his friend prevailed, the ambition, which a man of his age naturally feels to see something of the world, began to speak in its behalf; he mentioned however the consent of his father as an indispensable preliminary. This sir Thomas allowed to be just, and showing him that confidential letter which the old gentleman had written him, undertook to mention this scheme for his approbation in the answer he intended making to it. In this too was enclosed his young friend's return to the letters of his father and sister, which were contained in the preceding chapter; full of that contrition which, at

the time, he really felt, and of those good resolutions which, at the time, he sincerely formed. As to the matter of his going abroad, he only touch'd on it as a plan of sir Thomas Sindall's, whose friendship had dictated the proposal, and whose judgment of its expediency his own words were to contain.

His father received it, not without those pangs, which the thought of separation from a son, on whom the peace of his soul rested, must cause; but he examined it with that impartiality which his wisdom suggested in every thing that concerned his children: "My own satisfaction, he would often say, has for its object only the few years of a waning life; the situation of my children, my hopes would extend to the importance of a
much

much longer period." He held the balance therefore in an even hand; the arguments of Sindall had much of the specious, as his inducement to use them had much of the friendly. The young gentleman, whom Billy was to accompany, had connexions of such weight in the state, that the fairest prospects seemed to open from their patronage; nor could the force of that argument be denied, which supposed conveniency in the change of place to Annesly at the present, and improvement for the future. There were not however wanting some considerations of reason to side with a parent's tears against the journey; but Sindall had answers for them all; and at last he wrung from him his slow leave, on condition that William should return home, for a single day, to

bid the last farewell to his father and his Harriet.

Mean time the punishment of Annesly's late offence in the university was mitigated by the interest of Sindall, and the intercession of Mr. Josphon. Expulsion, which had before been insisted on, was changed into a sentence of less indignity, to wit, that of being publicly reprimanded by the head of the college to which he belonged; after submitting to which, he set out, accompanied by sir Thomas, to bid adieu to his father's house, preparatory to his going abroad.

His father at meeting touch'd on his late irregularities with that delicacy, of which a good mind cannot divest itself, even amidst the purposed severity of reproof:
and,

and, having thus far sacrificed to justice and parental authority, he opened his soul to all that warmth of affection which his Billy had always experienced; nor was the mind of his son yet so perverted by his former course of dissipation, as to be insensible to that sympathy of feelings which this indulgence should produce. The tear which he offered to it was the sacrifice of his heart; wrung by the recollection of the past, and swelling with the purpose of the future.

When the morning of his departure arrived, he stole softly into his father's chamber, meaning to take leave of him without being seen by his sister, whose tenderness of soul could not easily bear the pangs of a solemn farewell. He found his father on his knees.—The good

man, rising with that serene dignity of aspect which those sacred duties ever conferred on him, turned to his son: "You go, my boy, said he, to a distant land, far from the guidance and protection of your earthly parent; I was recommending you to the care of him who is at all times present with you: though I am not superstitious, yet, I confess, I feel something about me as if I should never see you more; if these are my last words, let them be treasur'd in your remembrance—Live as becomes a man, and a christian; live as becomes him who is to live for ever!"

As he spoke, his daughter entered the room. "Ah! my Billy, said she, could you have been so cruel as to go without seeing your Harriet? it would have broken my heart! oh! I have much to say
and

and many farewells to take; yet now methinks I can say nothing, and scarce dare bid you farewell!"—"My children, interrupted her father, in this cabinet is a present I have always intended for each of you; and this, which is perhaps the last time we shall meet together, I think the fittest to bestow them. Here, my Harriet, is a miniature of that angel your mother; imitate her virtues, and be happy.—Here, my Billy, is its counterpart, a picture of your father; whatever he is, heaven knows his affection to you; let that endear the memorial, and recommend that conduct to his son which will make his father's grey hairs go down to the grave in peace!" Tears were the only answer that either could give. Annesly embraced his son and bless'd him. Harriet blubber'd on his neck! Twice he offered

to go, and twice the agony of his sister pulled him back ; at last she flung herself into the arms of her father, who beckoning to sir Thomas Sindall, just then arrived to carry off his companion, that young gentleman, who was himself not a little affected with the scene, took his friend by the hand, and led him to the carriage that waited them.

C H A P. XIII.

He reaches London, where he remains longer than was expected. The effects of his stay there.

IN a few days Annesly and his friend the baronet arrived in the metropolis. His father had been informed, that the gentleman whom he was to accompany in his travels was to meet him in that city, where they proposed to remain only a week or two; for the purpose of seeing any thing curious in town, and of settling some points of accommodation on their rout through the countries they meant to visit: an intelligence he confessed very agreeable to him, because he knew the temptations to which a young
man

man is exposed by a life of idleness in London.

But, in truth, the intention of Sir Thomas Sindall never was, that his present pupil (if we may so call him) should travel any farther. The young gentleman, for whose companion he had pretended to engage Annelly, was indeed to set out very soon after on the tour of Europe; but he had already been provided with a travelling governor, who was to meet him upon his arrival at Calais (for the air of England agreed so ill with this gentleman's constitution, that he never cross'd the channel) and who had made the same journey, several times before, with some English young men of great fortunes, whom he had the honour of returning to their native country, with the

the same sovereign contempt for it that he himself entertained. The purpose of Sindall was merely to remove the son to a still greater distance from his father, and to a scene where his own plan, of entire conversion, should meet with every aid, which the society of the idle and the profligate could give it.

For some time, however, he found the disposition of Annesly averse to his designs. The figure of his father venerable in virtue, of his sister lovely in innocence, were imprinted on his mind; and the variety of public places of entertainment, to which sir Thomas conducted him, could not immediately efface the impression.

But as their novelty at first delighted, their frequency at last subdued him; his
mind

mind began to accustom itself to the hurry of thoughtless amusement, and to feel a painful vacancy, when the bustle of the scene was at any time changed for solitude. The unrestrained warmth and energy of his temper, yielded up his understanding to the company of fools, and his resolutions of reformation to the society of the dissolute, because it caught the fervor of the present moment, before reason could pause on the disposal of the next; and, by the industry of Sindall, he found, every day, a set of friends, among whom the most engaging were always the most licentious, and joined to every thing which the good detest, every thing which the unthinking admire. I have often indeed been tempted to imagine, that there is something unfortunate, if not blamable, in that harshness and austerity, which vir-

tue

tue too often assumes ; and have seen,
 with regret, some excellent men, the autho-
 rity of whose understanding, and the attrac-
 tion of whose wit, might have retained
 many a deserter under the banners of
 goodness, lose all that power of service,
 by the unbending distance which they
 kept from the little pleasantries and sweet-
 nesses of life. This conduct may be safe,
 but there is something ungenerous and
 cowardly in it ; to keep their forces, like
 an over-cautious commander, in fastnesses,
 and fortified towns, while they suffer the
 enemy to waste and ravage the champaign.
 Praise is indeed due to him, who can any
 way preserve his integrity ; but surely the
 heart that can retain it, even while it
 opens to all the warmth of social feeling,
 will be an offering more acceptable in the
 eye of heaven.

Anneſſy,

Annelly was distant from any counsel or example, that might counterbalance the contagious influence of the dissolute society, with which his time was now engross'd; but his seduction was not complete, till the better principles, which his soul still retained, were made accessory to its accomplishment.

Sindall procured a woman infamous enough for his purpose, the cast mistress of one of his former companions, whom he tutored to invent a plausible story of distress and misfortune, which he contrived, in a manner seemingly accidental, to have communicated to Annelly. His native compassion, and his native warmth were interested in her sufferings and her wrongs; and he applauded himself for the protection which he afforded her.

while she was the abandoned instrument of his undoing. After having retained, for some time, the purity of her guardian and protector, in an hour of intoxication he ventured to approach her on a looser footing; and she had afterwards the address to make him believe, that the weakness of her gratitude had granted to him, what to any other her virtue would have refused; and during the criminal intercourse in which he lived with her, she continued to maintain a character of affection and tenderness, which might excuse the guilt of her own conduct, and account for the infatuation of his.

In this fatal connexion every remembrance of that weeping home which he had so lately left, with the resolutions of repentance and reformation, was erased from

from his mind ; or, if at times it intruded, it came not that gentle guest, at whose approach his bosom used to be thrilled with reverence and love, but approached in the form of some ungracious monitor, whose business was to banish pleasure and awaken remorse ; and, therefore, the next amusement, folly, or vice, was called in to his aid to banish and expel it. As it was sometimes necessary to write to his father, he fell upon an expedient, even to save himself the pain of thinking so long as that purpose required, on a subject now grown so irksome to him, and employed that woman, in whose toils he was thus shamefully entangled, to read the letters he received, and dictate such answers as her cunning could suggest, to mislead the judgment of his unsuspecting parent.

All this while Sindall artfully kept so much aloof, as to preserve, even with the son, something of that character which he had acquired with the father; he was often absent from parties of remarkable irregularity, and sometimes ventured a gentle censure on his friend for having been led into them. But while he seemed to check their continuance under this cloak of prudence, he encouraged it in the report he made of the voice of others; for while the scale of character, for temperance, sobriety, and morals, sinks on one side, there is a balance of fame in the mouths of part of the world rising on the other—Annesly could bear to be told of his spirit, his generosity, and his honour.

C H A P. XIV.

*He feels the distresses of poverty. He is put
on a method of relieving them. An
account of its success.*

THE manner of life which Annesly now pursued without restraint, was necessarily productive of such expence as he could very ill afford. But the craft of his female associate was not much at a loss for pretences, to make frequent demands on the generosity of his father. The same excuses which served to account for his stay in London, in some measure apologized for the largeness of the sums he drew for; if it was necessary for him to remain there, expence, if not unavoidable, was at least

least difficult to be avoided; and for the causes of his stay in that city he had only to repeat the accounts, which he daily received from Sindall, of various accidents which obliged his young friend to postpone his intended tour.

Though in the country there was little opportunity of knowing the town-irregularities of Annesly, yet there were not wanting surmises of it among some, of which it is likely his father might have heard enough to alarm him, had he not been at this time in such a state of health as prevented him from much society with his neighbours; a slow aguish disorder, which followed those symptoms his daughter's letter to her brother had described, having confined him to his chamber almost constantly

stantly from the time of his son's departure.

Annesly had still some blushes left, and when he had push'd his father's indulgence, in the article of supply, as far as shame would allow him, he look'd round for some other source whence present relief might be drawn, without daring to consider how the arrearages of the future should be cancelled. Sindall for some time answered his exigences without reluctance; but at last he informed him, as he said with regret, that he could not from particular circumstances afford him, at that immediate juncture, any farther assistance than a small sum, which he then put into Annesly's hands, and which the very next day was squandered by the prodigality of his mistress.

The

The next morning he rose without knowing how the wants of the day were to be provided for, and strolling out into one of his accustomed walks, gave himself up to all the pangs, which the retrospect of the past, and the idea of the present, suggested. But he felt not that contrition which results from ingenuous sorrow for our offences; his soul was ruled by that gloomy demon, who looks only to the anguish of their punishment, and accuses the hand of providence, for calamity which himself has occasioned.

In this situation he was met by one of his new-acquired friends, who was walking off the oppression of last night's riot. The melancholy of his countenance was so easily observable, that it could not escape the notice of his companion, who rallied him on the

seriousness of his aspect, in the cant-phrase of those brutes of our species, who are professed enemies to the faculty of thinking. Though Annesly's pride for a while kept him silent, it was at last overcome by the other's importunity, and he confessed the desperation of his circumstances to be the cause of his present depression. His companion, whose purse, as himself informed Annesly, had been flushed by the success of the preceding night, animated by the liberality which attends sudden good fortune, freely offered him the use of twenty pieces till better times should enable him to repay them. "But, said he gaily, it is a shame for a fellow of your parts to want money, when fortune has provided for many rich fools for the harvest of the wise and the industrious. If you'll allow me to be your conductor this evening,

will show you where, by the traffic of your wits, in a very short time you may convert these twenty guineas into fifty." "At play," replied Annesly coolly. "Ay at play," returned the other, and fair play too: 'tis the only profession left for a man of spirit and honour to pursue: to cheat as a merchant, to quibble as a lawyer, or to cant as a churchman, is confined to fellows who have no fire in their composition. Give me but a bold set, and a fair throw for it, and then for the life of a lord, or the death of a gentleman." "I have had but little experience in the profession," said Annesly, and should but throw away your money." "Never fear," replied the other; do but mark me, and I will ensure you; I will show you our men; pigeons, mere pigeons, by Jupiter."

It was not for a man in Annesly's situation to balk the promise of such a golden opportunity; they dined together, and afterwards repaired to a gaming-house, where Annesly's companion introduced him, as a friend of his, just arrived from the country, to several young gentlemen who seemed to be waiting his arrival.—

“ I promised you your revenge, said he, my dears, and you shall have it; some of my friend's Lady-day rents too have accompanied him to London; if you win, you shall wear them. To business, to business.”

In the course of their play, Annesly though but moderately skilled in the game, discovered that the company, to whom he had been introduced, were in reality such bubbles as his companion had represented

represented them; after being heated by some small success in the beginning, they began to bet extravagantly against every calculation of chances; and in an hour or two, his associate and he had stripped them of a very considerable sum, of which his own share, though much the smaller, was upwards of threescore guineas. When they left the house, he offered his conductor the sum he had lent him, with a profusion of thanks both for the use and the improvement of it. "No, my boy, said he, not now; your note is sufficient: I will rather call for it, when I am at a pinch; you see now the road to wealth and independance; you will meet me here to-morrow." He promised to meet him accordingly.

They had been but a few minutes in the room this second night, when a gen-

tleman entered, whom the company saluted with the appellation of squire: the greater part of them seemed to be charmed with his presence; but the countenance of Annesly's companion fell at his approach; "damn him, said he, in a whisper to Annesly, he's a knowing one."

In some degree indeed he deserved the title: for he had attained, from pretty long experience, assisted by natural quickness of parts, a considerable knowledge in the science; and in strokes of genius, at games where genius was required, was excelled by few. But after all, he was far from being successful in the profession; nature intended him for something better; and as he spoiled a wit, an orator, and perhaps a poet, by turning gambler; so he often spoiled a gambler by the ambition,

tion, which was not yet entirely quenched, of shining occasionally in all those characters. And as a companion, he was too pleasing, and too well pleas'd, to keep that cool indifference, which is the characteristic of him, who should be always possess'd of himself, and consider every other man only as the sponge from whom he is to squeeze advantage.

To the present party, however, he was unquestionably superior; and of course in a short time began to levy large contributions, not only on the more inexperienced, whom Annesly and his conductor had mark'd for their own booty, but likewise on these two gentlemen themselves, whose winnings of the former evening, were now fast diminishing before the superior skill of this new antagonist.

H 4

But,

But, in the midst of his success, he was interrupted by the arrival of another gentleman, who seem'd also to be a well-known character in this temple of fortune, being saluted by the familiar name of Black-beard. This man possessed an unmoved equality both of temper and aspect; and though in reality he was of no very superior abilities, yet had acquired the reputation both of depth and acuteness, from being always accustomed to think on his own interest, and pursuing with the most sedulous attention every object which led to it, unseduced by one single spark of those feelings which the world terms Weakness.

In the article of gaming, which he had early pitch'd on as the means of advancement, he had availed himself of that industry, and saturnine complexion, to acquire

quire the most consummate knowlege of its principles, which indeed he had attained to a very remarkable degree of perfection.

Opposed to this man, even the skill of the hitherto-successful squire was unavailing; and consequently he not only stripp'd that gentleman of the gains he had made, but gleaned whatever he had left in the purses of the inferior members of the party, amongst whom Annesly and his associates were reduced to their last guinea.

This they agreed to spend together at a tavern in the neighbourhood, where they cursed fortune, their spoiler, and themselves, in all the bitterness of rage and disappointment. Annesly did not seek to

account for their losses otherwise than in the real way, to wit, from the superior skill of their adversary; but his companion, who often boasted of his own, threw out some insinuations of foul play and connivance.

“If I thought that,”—said Annesly, laying his hand on his sword, while his cheeks burnt with indignation.—“Poh! replied the other, ’tis in vain to be angry; here’s damnation to him in a bumper.”

The other did not fail his pledge; and by a liberal application to the bottle, they so far overcame their losses, that Annesly reel’d home, singing a catch, forgetful of the past, and regardless of to-morrow.

C H A P. XV.

*Another attempt to retrieve his circumstances,
the consequences of which are still more
fatal.*

THOUGH the arrival of to-morrow might be overlook'd, it could not be prevented. It rose on Annelly one of the most wretched of mankind. Poverty, embittered by disgrace, was now approaching him, who knew of no friend to ward off the blow, and had no consolation in himself by which it might be lightened: if any thing could add to his present distress, it was encreased by the absence of Sindall, who was then in the country, and the upbraidings of his female companion, who now exclaimed against the folly which

H 6

herself

herself had caused, and the extravagance herself had participated.

About mid-day, his last night's fellow-sufferer paid him a visit; their mutual shagreen at meeting, from the recollection of misfortune which it produced, was evident in their countenances; but it was not a little encreased, when the other told Annelly he came to put him in mind of the sum he had advanced him two days before, for which he had now very particular occasion. Annelly answered, that he had frankly told him the state of his finances at the time of the loan, and accepted it on no condition of speedy payment; that he had, that same evening, offered to repay him when it was in his power, and that he could not but think the demand ungentlemanlike, at a time when

when he must know his utter inability to comply with it.

“Ungentlemanlike! said the other; I don’t understand what you mean sir, by such a phrase; will you pay me my money or not?”—“I cannot.”—“Then, sir, you must expect me to employ some gentleman for the recovery of it, who will speak to you, perhaps, in a more ungentlemanlike stile than I do.” And, so saying, he flung out of the room.

“Infamous wretch!” exclaimed Annelly, and walk’d about with a hurried step, gnawing his lip, and muttering curses on him, and on himself.—There was another gentleman wanted to see him below stairs.—’Twas a mercer who came to demand payment of some fineries
his

his lady, as he termed her, had purchased; he was, with difficulty, dismissed.—In a quarter of an hour there was another call —'Twas a dun of a taylor for cloaths to himself—he would take no excuse—“Come, said Annesly, with a look of desperation, to-morrow morning, and I will pay you.”——

But how?—he stared wildly on the ground, then knocked his head against the wall, and acted all the extravagances of a madman. At last, with a more settled horror in his eye, he put on his sword, and without knowing whether he should go, sallied into the street.

He happened to meet in his way some of those boon companions, with whom his nights of jollity had been spent; but their
terms

terms of salutation were so cold and forbidding, as obviously to show that the account of his circumstances had already reached them; and, with them, he who had every thing to ask, and nothing to bestow, could possess no quality attractive of regard. After santering from street to street, and from square to square, he found himself towards the close of the day within a few paces of that very gaming house where he had been so unfortunate the evening before. A sort of malicious curiosity, and some hope of he knew not what, tempted him to re-enter it. He found much the same company he had seen the preceding night, with the exception, however, of his former associate, and one or two of the younger members of their party whom the same cause prevented from attending.

Strolling into another room, he found an inferior set of gamesters, whose stakes were lower, though their vociferation was infinitely more loud. In the far corner sat a man, who preserved a composure of countenance, undisturbed by the clamour and confusion that surrounded him. After a little observation, Annesly discovered that he was a money-lender, who advanced certain sums at a very exorbitant premium to the persons engaged in the play. Some of those he saw, who could offer no other security satisfying to this usurer, procure a few guineas from him, on pawning a watch, a ring, or some other appendage of former finery. Of such he had before divested himself for urgent demands, and had nothing superfluous about him but his sword, which he had kept the latest, and which he now deposited in the hands of
the

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the old gentleman in the corner, who furnished him with a couple of pieces upon it, that with them he might once more try his fortune at the table.

The success exceeded his expectation; it was so rapid, that in less than an hour he had encreased his two guineas to forty, with which he determined to retire contented; but when he would have redeemed his sword, he was informed that the keeper of it had just gone into the other room, where, as he entered to demand it, he unfortunately overheard the same gentleman who had gained his money the former night, offering a bet, to the amount of the sum Annelly then possessed, on a cast where he imagined the chance to be much against it. Stimulated with the desire of doubling his gain, and the sudden provocation,

cation, as it were, of the offer, he accepted it; and, in one moment, lost all the fruits of his former good-fortune.—The transport of his passion could not express itself in words; but taking up one of the dice, with the seeming coolness of exquisite anguish, he fairly bit it in two, and casting a look of frenzy on his sword, which he was now unable to ransom, he rush'd out of the house, uncover'd as he was, his hat hanging on a peg in the other apartment.

The agitation of his mind was such as denied all attention to common things; and, instead of taking the direct road to his lodgings, he wandered off the street into an obscure alley, where he had not advanced far, till he was accosted by a fellow, who, in a very peremptory tone, desired him to deliver his money, or he would

would instantly blow out his brains, presenting a pistol at less than half a yard's distance.—“ I can give you nothing, said Annesly, because I have nothing to give.”

—“ Damn you, return'd the other, do you think I'll be fobb'd off so; your money, and be damn'd to you, or I'll send you to hell in a twinkling”—advancing his pistol, at the same time, within a hand's-breadth of his face. Annesly, at that instant, struck up the muzzle with his arm, and laying hold of the barrel, by a sudden wrench, forced the weapon out of the hands of the villain, who, not chusing to risk any farther combat, made the best of his way down the alley, and left Annesly master of his arms. He stood for a moment entranc'd in thought.—

“ Whoever thou art, said he, I thank thee; by heaven, thou instructest and armest

armest me; this may provide for to-morrow, or make its provision unnecessary."

He now returned with a hurried pace to the mouth of the alley, where in the shade of a jutting wall he could mark unperceived the objects on the street. He had stood there but a few seconds, and began already to waver in his purpose, when he saw come out of the gaming-house, which he had left, the very man who had plundered him of his all. The richness of the prize, with immediate revenge, awakened together in his mind; and the suspicion of foul play, which his companion had hinted the night before, gave them a sanction of something like justice: he waited till the chair, in which the gamester was conveyed, came opposite to the place where he stood; then covering his face with one hand, and assuming

domine

a tone

a tone different from his natural, he pulled out his pistol, and commanded the leading chairman to stop. This effected, he went up to the chair, and the gentleman within having let down one of the glasses to know the reason of its stop, the stopper clapp'd the pistol to his breast, and threatened him with instant death, if he did not deliver his money. The other, after some little hesitation, during which Annesly repeated his threats, with the most horrible oaths, drew a purse of gold from his pocket, which Annesly snatcht out of his hand, and running down the alley, made his escape at the other end; and, after turning through several streets, in different directions, so as to elude pursuit, arrived safely at home with the booty he had taken.

Meantime

Meantime the gamester returned to the house he had just quitted, with the account of his disaster. The whole fraternity, who could make no allowance for a robber of this sort, were alarmed at the accident; every one was busied in enquiry, and a thousand questions were asked about his appearance, his behaviour, and the rout he had taken. The chairmen, who had been somewhat more possessed of themselves, at the time of the robbery, than their master, had remarked the circumstance of the robber's wanting his hat: this was no sooner mentioned, than a buz ran through the company, that the young gentleman, who had gone off a little while before, had been observed to be uncovered when he left the house; and, upon search made, his hat was actually found with his name mark'd on the inside.

This

This was a ground of suspicion too strong to be overlooked: messengers were dispatched in quest of the friend who had introduced him there the preceding night; upon his being found, and acquainting them of Annesly's lodgings, proper warrants were obtained for a search.

When that unfortunate young man arrived at home, he was met on the stairs by the lady we have formerly mentioned; who, in terms of bitter reproach, interrupted with tears, inveighed against the cruelty of his neglect, in thus leaving her to pine alone, without even the common comforts of a miserable life. Her censure indeed was the more violent, as there was little reason for its violence; for she had that moment dismissed at a back-door, a gallant who was more attentive than Annesly.

nessly. He, who could very well allow the grounds of her complaint, only pleaded necessity for his excuse; he could but mutter this apology in imperfect words, for the perturbation of his mind almost deprived him of the powers of speech. Upon her taking notice of this, with much seeming concern for his health, he beckoned her into a chamber, and dashing the purse on the floor, pointed to it with a look of horror, as an answer to her upbraidings.

“What have you done for this?” said she, taking it up: He threw himself into a chair, without answering a word.

At that moment the officers of justice, who had lost no time in prosecuting their information, entered the house; and some

of them, accompanied by an attorney, employed by the gentleman who had been robbed, walked softly up stairs to the room where Annesly was, and bursting into it before he could prepare for any defence, laid hold of him in rather a violent manner; which the lawyer observing, desired them to use the gentleman civilly, till he should ask him a few questions.

"I will answer none, said Annesly; do your duty." "Then, sir, replied the

other, you must attend us to those who can question you with better authority;

and I must make bold to secure this lady, till she answer some questions also." The

lady saved him the trouble; for being now pretty well satisfied, that her hero

was at the end of his career, she thought

it most prudent to break off a connexion

where nothing was to be gained, and

make a merit of contributing her endeavours to bring the offender to justice. She called, therefore, this leader of the party into another room, and being informed by him that the young gentleman was suspected of having committed a robbery scarce an hour before, she pulled out the purse which she had just received from him, and asked the lawyer, If it was that which had been taken from his client? “Ay, that it is, I’ll be sworn, said he; and here (pouring out its contents) is the ring he mentioned at the bottom.”—— “But, said she, pausing a little, it will prove the thing as well without the guineas.” “I protest, returned the lawyer, thou art a girl of excellent invention—Hum—here are fourscore; one half of them might have been spent—or dropt out by the way, or—any thing may be supposed;

supposed; and so we shall have twenty a-piece.—Some folks to be sure would take more, but I love conscience in those matters.”

Having finished this transaction, in such a manner as might give no offence to the conscience of this honest pettifogger, they returned to the prisoner, who contented himself with darting a look of indignation at his female betrayer; and after being some time in the custody of the lawyer and his assistants, he was carried, in the morning, along with her, before a magistrate. The several circumstances I have related being sworn to, Annesly was committed to Newgate, and the gamester bound over to prosecute him at the next sessions, which were not then very distant.

C H A P. XVI.

*The miseries of him whose punishment is
inflicted by conscience.*

THOUGH Annesly must have suffered much during the agitation of these proceedings, yet that was little to what he felt, when left to reflexion, in the solitude of his new abode. Let the virtuous remember, amidst their afflictions, that though the heart of the good man may bleed even to death, it will never feel a torment equal to the rendings of remorse.

For some time, the whirling of his brain gave him no leisure to exercise any faculty that could be termed thinking; when

when that sort of delirium subsided, it left him only to make room for more exquisite, though less turbulent anguish.

After he had visited every corner of resource, and found them all dark and comfortless, he started at last from that posture of despair in which he sat, and turning the glare of his eye intently upwards:

“ Take back, said he, thou Power that gavest me being! take back that life which thou didst breathe into me for the best of purposes, but which I have profaned by actions equally mischievous to thy government, and ignominious to myself. The passions which thou didst implant in me, that reason which should balance them, is unable to withstand:

from one only I receive useful admonition; the shame that could not prevent, now punishes my crimes. Her voice for once I will obey; and leave a state, in which, if I remain, I continue a blot to nature, and an enemy to man."

He drew a penknife, now his only weapon, from its sheath—he bared his bosom for the horrid deed—when the picture of his father, which the good man had bestowed on him at parting, and he had worn ever since in his bosom, struck his eye—(it was drawn in the mildness of holy meditation, with the hands folded together, and the eyes lifted to heaven) "Merciful God!" said Annesly—he would have uttered a prayer; but his soul was wound up to a pitch that could but one way be let down—he flung himself
on

on the ground, and burst into an agony of tears.

The door of his apartment opening, discovered the jailor, followed by sir Thomas Sindall—"My friend in this place!" said he, to Annesly,—who covered his face with his hands, and replied only by a groan.

Sindall made signs for the keeper of the prison to leave them;—"Come, said he, my dear Annesly, be not so entirely overcome; I flatter myself, you know my friendship too well, to suppose that it will desert you even here. I may, perhaps, have opportunities of comforting you in many ways; at least I shall feel and pity your distresses."—"Leave me, answered the other, leave me; I deserve no pity, and methinks there is a pride in refusing it."

it.”—“ You must not say so ; my love has much to plead for you ; nor are you without excuse even to the world.” “ Oh ! Sindall, said he, —I am without excuse to myself ! when I look back to that peace of mind, to that happiness I have squandered !—I will not curse, but—Oh ! Fool, fool, fool !”—“ I would not, said Sir Thomas, encrease that anguish which you feel, were I not obliged to mention the name of your father.” “ My father ! cried Annesly ; O hide me from my father !”—“ Alas ! replied Sindall, he must hear of your disaster from other hands ; and it were cruel not to acquaint him of it in a way that should wound him the least.”—Annesly gazed with a look of entrancement on his picture : “ Great God ! said he, for what hast thou reserved me ? Sindall, do what thou wilt—think

not of such a wretch as I am; but mitigate, if thou canst, the sorrows of a father, the purity of whose bosom must bleed for the vices of mine." "Fear not, returned sir Thomas; I hope all will be better than you imagine. It grows late, and I must leave you now; but promise me to be more composed for the future. I will see you again early to-morrow; nor will I let a moment escape, that can be improved to your service."—"I must think, said Annesly, and therefore I must feel; but I will often remember your friendship, and my gratitude shall be some little merit left in me to look upon without blushing."

Sindall bade him farewell, and retired; and at that instant he was less a villain than he used to be. The state of horror

to which he saw this young man reduced, was beyond the limits of his scheme ; and he began to look upon the victim of his designs, with that pity which depravity can feel, and that remorse which it cannot overcome.

C H A P. XVII.

His father is acquainted with Annesly's situation. His behaviour in consequence of it.

THAT letter to old Annesly, which Sindall had undertaken to write, he found a more difficult task than at first he imagined. The solicitude of his friendship might have been easily expressed on more common occasions, and hypocrisy to him was usually no unpleasing garb; but at this crisis of Annesly's fate, there were feelings he could not suppress; and he blushed to himself, amidst the protestations of concern and regard, with which this account of his misfortune (as he termed it) was accompanied.

Palliated, as it was, with all the art of sir Thomas, it may be easily conceived what effect it must have on the mind of a father; a father at this time labouring under the pressure of disease, and confined to a sick bed, whose intervals of thought were now to be pointed to the misery, the disgrace, perhaps the disgraceful death, of a darling child. His Harriet, after the first shock which the dreadful tidings had given her, sat by him, stifling the terrors of her gentle soul, and speaking comfort when her tears would let her.

His grief was aggravated, from the consideration of being at present unable to attend a son, whose calamities, though of his own procuring, called so loudly for support and assistance.

“Unworthy

“ Unworthy as your brother is, my Harriet, said he, he is my son and your brother still; and must he languish amid the horrors of a prison, without a parent or a sister to lessen them? The prayers which I can put up from this sick bed are all the aid I can minister to him; but your presence might sooth his anguish, and alleviate his sufferings; with regard to this life, perhaps—Do not weep, my love—But you might lead him to a reconciliation with that Being whose sentence governs eternity! Would it frighten my Harriet to visit a dungeon?” “ Could I leave my dearest father, said she, no place could frighten me where my poor Billy is.—” “ Then you shall go, my child, and I shall be the better for thinking that you are with him: tell him, though he has wrung my heart, it has not forgotten.

forgotten him. That he should have forgotten me, is little ; let him but now remember, that there is another father, whose pardon is more momentous.”

Harriet having therefore entrusted her father to the friendship of Mrs. Wistanly, set out, accompanied by a niece of that gentlewoman's, who had been on a visit to her aunt, for the metropolis, where she arrived a few days before that which was appointed for the trial of her unhappy brother.

Though it was late in the evening when they reached London, yet Harriet's impatience would not suffer her to sleep till she had seen the poor prisoner ; and, notwithstanding the remonstrances of her companion, to whom her aunt had recom-

mended the tenderest concern about her young friend, she called a hackney-coach immediately, to convey her to the place in which Annesly was confined; and her fellow-traveller, when her dissuasions to going had failed, very obligingly offered to accompany her.

They were conducted, by the turnkey, through a gloomy passage, to the wretched apartment which Annesly occupied: they found him sitting at a little table on which he leaned, with his hands covering his face. When they entered, he did not change his posture; but on the turnkey's speaking, for his sister was unable to speak, he started up, and exhibited a countenance pale and haggard, his eyes blood-shot, and his hair dishevelled. On discovering his sister, a blush crossed his
cheek,

cheek, and the horror of his aspect was lost in something milder and more piteous—"Oh! my Billy!" she cried, and sprung forward to embrace him: "This is too much, said he; leave, and forget a wretch unworthy the name of thy brother."—"Would my Billy kill me quite?" this frightful place has almost killed me already! Alas! Billy, my dearest father!"—"Oh! Harriet, that name, that name! speak not of my father!" "Ah! said she, if you knew his goodness; he sent me to comfort and support my brother; he sent me from himself, stretched on a sick bed, where his Harriet should have tended him."—"Oh! cursed, cursed!"—"Nay, do not curse, my Billy, he sends you none; his prayers, his blessings rise for you to heaven; his forgiveness he bade me convey you, and tell you to seek that
of

of the father of all goodness!"—His sister's hands were clasped in his; he lifted both together: "If thou canst hear me, said he,—I dare not pray for myself; but spare a father whom my crimes have made miserable; let me abide the wrath I have deserved, but weigh not down his age for my offences; punish it not with the remembrance of me!" He fell on his sister's neck, and they mingled their tears; nor could the young lady who attended Harriet, or the jailor himself, forbear accompanying them; this last, however, recovered himself rather sooner than the other, and reminded them that it was late, and that he must lock up for the night.—"Good night then, my Harriet," said Annesly. "And must we separate?" answered his sister; could I not sit and support that distracted head, and close those haggard

haggard eyes?" "Let me entreat you, returned her brother, to leave me, and compose yourself after the fatigues of your journey, and the perturbation of your mind. I feel myself comforted and refreshed by the sight of my Harriet: I will try to sleep myself, which I have not done these four gloomy nights, unless, perhaps for a few moments, when the torture of my dreams made waking a deliverance. Good night, my dearest Harriet." She could not say, good night; but she wept it.

C H A P. XVIII.

His sister pays him another visit. A description of what passed in the prison.

IT was late before Harriet could think even of going to bed, and later before her mind could be quieted enough to allow her any sleep. But nature was at last worn out; and the fatigue of her journey, together with the conflict of her soul in the visit she had just made, had so exhausted her, that it was towards noon next day before she awaked. After having chid herself for her neglect, she hurried away to her much-loved brother, whom she found attended by that baronet, to whose good offices I have had so frequent

frequent occasion to show him indebted in the course of my story.

At sight of him, her cheek was flushed with the mingled glow of shame for her brother, and gratitude towards his benefactor. He advanced to salute her; when, with the tears starting into her eyes, she fell on her knees before him, and poured forth a prayer of blessings on his head. There could not perhaps be a figure more lovely, or more striking, than that which she then exhibited. The lustre of her eyes, heightened by those tears with which the overflowing of her heart supplied them; the glow of her complexion, animated with the suffusion of tenderness and gratitude; these, joined to the easy negligence of her dark brown locks, that waved in ringlets on her panting bosom,

made

made altogether such an assemblage as beauty is a word too weak for. So forcibly indeed was Sindall struck with it, that some little time past before he thought of lifting her from the ground; he looked his very soul at every glance; but it was a soul unworthy of the object on which he gazed, brutal, unfeeling and inhuman; he considered her, at that moment, as already within the reach of his machinations, and feasted the grossness of his fancy with the anticipation of her undoing.

And here let me pause a little, to consider that account of pleasure which the votaries of voluptuousness have frequently stated. I allow for all the delight which Sindall could experience for the present, or hope to experience in the future. I
consider

consider it abstracted from its consequences, and I will venture to affirm, that there is a truer, a more exquisite voluptuary than he.—Had virtue been now looking on the figure of beauty, and of innocence, I have attempted to draw.—I see the purpose of benevolence beaming in his eye!—Its throb is swelling in his heart!—He clasps her to his bosom;—he kisses the falling drops from her cheek;—he weeps with her;—and the luxury of his tears;—baffles description.

But whatever were sir Thomas's sensations at the sight of Harriet, they were interrupted by the jailor, who now entered the room, and informed him that a gentleman without was earnest to speak with him. “Who can it be?” said sir Thomas, somewhat peevishly.—“If I am

not

not mistaken, replied the jailor, it is a gentleman of the name of Camplin, a lawyer, whom I have seen here with some of the prisoners before.'—"This is he of whom I talked to you, my dear Annesly, said the baronet; let me introduce him to you."—"I have taken my resolution, returned Annesly, and shall have no need of lawyers for my defence."—"It must not be," rejoined the other; and going out of the room, he presently returned with Mr. Camplin. All this while Harriet's looks betrayed the strongest symptoms of terror and perplexity; and when the stranger appeared, she drew nearer and nearer to her brother, with an involuntary sort of motion, till she had twined his arm into hers, and placed herself between him and Camplin. This last observed her fears; for indeed she bent her eyes

eyes most fixedly upon him, and making her a bow, "Be not afraid, miss, said he, here are none but friends; I learn, sir, that your day is now very near, and that it is time to be thinking of the business of it." "Good heavens! cried Harriet, what day?" "Make yourself easy, madam, continued Camplin, being the first trip, I hope he may fall soft for this time; I believe no body doubts my abilities: I have saved many a brave man from the gallows, whose case was more desperate than I take this young gentleman's to be."—The colour, which had been varying on her cheek during this speech, now left it for a dead pale; and turning her languid eyes upon her brother, she fell motionless into his arms. He supported her to a chair that stood near him, and darting an indignant look at the lawyer, begged
of

of the jailor to procure her some immediate assistance. Sindall, who was kneeling on the other side of her, ordered Camplin, who was advancing to make offer of his services too, to be gone, and send them the first surgeon he could find. A surgeon indeed had been already procured, who officiated in the prison, for the best of all reasons, because he was not at liberty to leave it. The jailor now made his appearance, with a bottle of wine in one hand, and some water in the other; followed by a tall, meagre, ragged figure, who striding up to Harriet, applied a small vial of volatile salt to her nose; and chafing her temples, soon brought her to sense and life again. Annesly pressing her to his bosom, begged her to recollect herself and forget her fears. "Pardon this weakness, my dear Billy, said she, I will

try to overcome it; is that horrid man gone? who is this gentleman?" "I have the honour to be a doctor of physick, madam, said he, clapping at the same time his greasy fingers to her pulse. Here is a fulness that calls for venesection." So without loss of time he pulled out a case of lancets covered with rust, and spotted with the blood of former patients. "Oh! for heaven's sake, no bleeding, cried Harriet, indeed there is no occasion for it." "How, no occasion! exclaimed the other; I have heard indeed some ignorants condemn phlebotomy in such cases; but it is my practice, and I am very well able to defend it.—It will be allowed that in plethoric habits"—"Spare your demonstration, interrupted Annesly, and think of your patient." "You shall not blood me, said she; you shall not indeed, sir!"

"Nay,

“Nay, madam, said he, as you please; you are to know that the operation itself is no part of my profession; it is only “*propter necessitatem*,” for want of chyrurgical practitioners, that I sometimes condescend to it in this place.” Sir Thomas gave him a hint to leave them, and at the same time slipped a guinea into his hand. He immediately retired, looking at the unusual appearance of the gold with so much transport, that he might possibly have as much occasion for bleeding at that moment, as the patient for whom he had just prescribed it.

Annesly, assisted by his friend, used every possible argument to comfort and support his sister. His concern for her had indeed banished for a while the consideration of his own state; and when he came to

think of that solemn day, on which the trial for his life was appointed, his concern was more interested for its effect on his Harriet, than for that it should have on himself.

After they had passed great part of the day together, sir Thomas observed, that Miss Annesley's present lodgings (in the house of her fellow-traveller's father) were so distant, as to occasion much inconvenience to her in her visits to her brother; and very kindly made offer of endeavouring to procure her others but a few streets off, under the roof of a gentlewoman, he said, an officer's widow of his acquaintance, who, if she had any apartment unoccupied at the time, he knew would be as attentive to Miss Annesley as if she were a daughter of her own.

This

This proposal was readily accepted, and sir Thomas having gone upon the enquiry, returned in the evening with an account of his having succeeded in procuring the lodgings; that he had taken the liberty to call and fetch Miss Annesly's baggage from those she had formerly occupied, and that every thing was ready at Mrs. Eldridge's (that was the widow's name) for her reception. After supper he conducted her thither accordingly.

As he was going out, Annesly whispered him to return for a few minutes after he had set down his sister, as he had something particular to communicate to him. When he came back, "You have heard, I fancy, sir Thomas, said he, that the next day but one is the day of my trial. As to myself, I wait it with resignation,

nation, and shall not give any trouble to my country by a false defence; but I tremble for my sister's knowing it. Could we not contrive some method of keeping her in ignorance of its appointment till it be over, and then prepare her for the event without subjecting her to the tortures of anxiety and suspense?" Sindall agreed in the propriety of the latter part of his scheme, and they resolved to keep his sister that day at home, on pretence of a meeting in the prison between the lawyers of Annesly, and those of his prosecutor. But he warmly insisted, that Annesly should accept the services of Camplin towards conducting the cause on his part. " Endeavour not to persuade me, my friend, said Annesly; for I now rest satisfied with my determination. I
 thank

thank heaven which has enabled me to rely on its goodness, and meet my fate with the full possession of myself. I will not disdain the mercy which my country may think I merit; but I will not entangle myself in chicane and insincerity to avoid her justice."

C H A P. XIX.

The fate of Annesly determined.—Sindall's friendship, and the gratitude of Harriet.

Nothing remarkable happened till that day when the fate of Annesly was to be determined by the laws of his country. The project formed by Sindall and himself, for keeping his sister ignorant of its importance, succeeded to their wish; she spent it at home, comforting herself with the hope, that the meeting she understood to be held on it, might turn out advantageously for her brother, and sooth'd by the kindness of her landlady, who had indeed fully answered sir Thomas's expectations in the attention she had shown her.

Mean-

Meanwhile her unfortunate brother was brought to the bar, indicted for the robbery committed on the gamester. When he was asked, in the customary manner to plead, he stood up, and addressing himself to the judge.

“I am now, my lord, said he, in a situation of all others the most solemn. I stand in the presence of God and my country, and I am called to confess or deny that crime for which I have incurred the judgment of both. If I have offended, my lord, I am not yet an obdurate offender; I fly not to the subterfuge of villainy, though I have fallen from the dignity of innocence; and I will not screen a life which my crimes have disgraced, by a coward lie to prevent their detection. I plead guilty, my lord, and await the

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judgment

judgment of that law, which though I have violated, I have not forgotten to revere."

When he ended, a confused murmur ran through the court, and for some time stopt the judge in his reply. Silence obtained, that upright magistrate, worthy the tribunal of England, spoke to this effect:

"I am sincerely sorry, young gentleman, to see one of your figure at this bar, charged with a crime for which the public safety has been obliged to award an exemplary punishment. Much as I admire the heroism of your confession, I will not suffer advantage to be taken of it to your prejudice; reflect on the consequences of a plea of guilt, which takes from you all opportunity

opportunity of a legal defence, and speak again, as your own discretion, or your friends, may best advise you." "I humbly thank your lordship, said Annesly, for the candour and indulgence which you show me; but I have spoken the truth, and will not allow myself to think of retracting it." "I am here, returned his lordship, as the dispenser of justice, and I have nothing but justice to give; the province of mercy is in other hands; if, upon enquiry, the case is circumstanced as I wish it to be, my recommendation shall not be wanting to enforce an application there." Annesly was then convicted of the robbery, and the sentence of the law passed upon him.

But the judge, before whom he was tried, was not unmindful of his promise;

and having satisfied himself, that, though guilty in this instance, he was not habitually flagitious, he assisted so warmly the applications which through the interest of Sindall (for Sindall was in this sincere) were made in his behalf, that a pardon was obtained for him, on the condition of his suffering transportation for the term of fourteen years.

This alleviation of his punishment was procured, before his sister was suffered to know that his trial had ever come on, or what had been its event. When his fate was by this means determined, Sindall undertook to instruct the lady in whose house he had placed her, that Miss Annelly should be acquainted with the circumstances of it in such a manner, as might least discompose that delicacy and
tenderness

tendernefs of which her mind was fo fufceptible. The event answered his expectation ; that good woman feemed poffeffed of as much addrefs as humanity ; and Harriet, by the intervention of both, was led to the knowlege of her brother's fituation with fo much prudence, that fhe bore it at firft with refignation, and afterwards looked upon it with thankfulnefs.

After that acknowledgement to providence which fhe had been early inftructed never to forget, there was an inferior agent in this affair to whom her warmeft gratitude was devoted. Befides that herfelf had the higheft opinion of Sindall's good offices, her obliging landlady had taken every opportunity, fince their acquaintance began, to trumpet forth his praifes in the moft extravagant ftrain ;

and,

and, on the present occasion, her encomiums were loud in proportion as Harriet's happiness was concerned in the event.

Sir Thomas therefore began to be considered by the young lady as the worthiest of friends; his own language bore the strongest expressions of friendship; of friendship and no more; but the widow would often insinuate that he felt more than he expressed; and when Harriet's spirits could bear a little rally, her landlady did not want for jokes on the subject.

These suggestions of another have a greater effect than is often imagined; they are heard with an ease which does not alarm, and the mind habituates itself to take up such a credit on their truth as

it

it would be sorry to lose, though it is not at the trouble of examining. Harriet did not seriously think of Sindall as of one that was her lover; but she began to make such arrangements as not to be surprized if he should.

One morning when sir Thomas had called, to conduct her on a visit to her brother, Mrs. Eldridge rallied him at breakfast on his being still a bachelor. "What is your opinion, Miss Annesly, said she; is it not a shame for one of sir Thomas's fortune not to make some worthy woman happy in the participation of it?" Sindall submitted to be judged by so fair an arbitress; he said "the manners of the court-ladies, whose example had stretched unhappily too far, were such, as made it a sort of venture to be married;" he then

then paused for a moment, sigh'd, and, fixing his eyes upon Harriet, drew such a picture of the woman whom he would chuse for a wife, that she must have had some sillier qualities than mere modesty about her, not to have made some guess at his meaning.

In short, though she was as little wanting in delicacy as most women, she began to feel a certain interest in the good opinion of Sindall, and to draw some conclusions from his deportment, which, for the sake of my fair readers, I would have them remember, are better to be slowly understood than hastily indulged.

C H A P. XX.

*An accident, which may possibly be imagined
somewhat more than accidental.*

THOUGH the thoughts of Annesly's future situation could not but be distressful to his sister and him, yet the deliverance from greater evils which they had experienced, served to enlighten the prospect of those they feared. His father, whose consolation always attended the calamity he could neither prevent nor cure, exhorted his son (in an answer to the account his sister and he had transmitted him of the events contained in the preceding chapter) to have a proper sense of the mercy of his God and his king, and to
bear

bear what was a mitigation of his punishment, with a fortitude and resignation becoming the subject of both. The same letter informed his children, that though he was not well enough recovered to be able to travel, yet he was gaining ground on his distemper, and hoped, as the season advanced, to get the better of it altogether. He sent that blessing to his son which he was prevented from bestowing personally, with a credit for any sum which he might have occasion for against his approaching departure.

His children received additional comfort from the good accounts of their father, which this letter contained; and even in Annesly's prison, there were some intervals in which they forgot the fears of parting,

parting, and indulged themselves in temporary happiness.

It was during one of these, that Sindall observed to Harriet, how little she possessed the curiosity her sex was charged with, who had never once thought of seeing any thing in London that strangers were most solicitous to see; and proposed that very night to conduct her to the playhouse, where the royal family were to be present, at the representation of a new comedy.

Harriet turned a melancholy look towards her brother, and made answer, that she could not think of any amusement that should subject him to hours of solitude in a prison.

Upon

Upon this, Annesly was earnest in pressing her to accept sir Thomas's invitation; he said she knew how often he chose to be alone, at times when he could most command society; and that he should find an additional pleasure in theirs, when they returned to him, fraught with the intelligence of the play.

"But there is something unbecoming in it, said Harriet, in the eyes of others."

"That objection, replied Sindall, will be easily removed; we shall go accompanied by Mrs. Eldridge to the gallery, where even those who have many acquaintances in town, are dressed so much in the incognito-way, as never to be discovered."

Annesly

Annelly repeated his entreaties, Mrs. Eldridge seconded, Sindall enforced them; and all three urged so many arguments, that Harriet was at last overcome, and to the play they accordingly went.

Though this was the first entertainment of the sort, at which Harriet had ever been present, yet the thoughts of her absent brother, in whose company all her former amusements had been enjoyed, so much damped the pleasure she should have felt from this, that as soon as the play was over, she begged of her conductor to return, much against the desire of Mrs. Eldridge, who entreated them to indulge her by staying the farce. But Harriet seemed so uneasy at the thoughts of a longer absence from her brother, that the other's solicitations were at last overruled; and

and making shift to get through the croud, they left the house, and set out in a hackney-coach on their return.

They had got the length of two or three streets on their way, when the coachman, who indeed had the appearance of being exceedingly drunk, drove them against a post, by which accident one of the wheels was broken to pieces, and the carriage itself immediately overturned. Sindall had, luckily, put down the glass on that side but a moment before, to look at something, so that they escaped any mischief which might have ensued from the breaking of it; and, except the ladies being extremely frightened, no bad consequences followed. This disaster happened just at the door of a tavern; the mistress of which seeing the discomposure of

the ladies, very politely begged them to step into her own room, till they could readjust themselves, and procure another coach from a neighbouring stand, for which she promised immediately to dispatch one of her servants. All this while sir Thomas was venting his wrath against the coachman, continuing to cane him most unmercifully, till stopt by the intercession of Harriet and Mrs. Eldridge, and prevailed upon to accompany them into the house at the obliging request of its mistress. He asked pardon for giving way to his passion, which apprehension for their safety, he said, had occasioned, and taking Harriet's hand with a look of the utmost tenderness, enquired if she felt no hurt from the fall; upon her answering, that except the fright, she was perfectly well; "then all is well," said he, pressing

pressing her hand to his bosom, which rose to meet it with a sigh.

He then called for a bottle of Madeira, of which his companions drank each a glass; but upon his presenting another, Mrs. Eldridge declared she never tasted any thing between meals, and Harriet said that her head was already affected by the glass she had taken: this however he attributed to the effects of the overturn, for which another bumper was an infallible remedy; and, on Mrs. Eldridge's setting the example, though with the utmost reluctance, Harriet was prevailed upon to follow it.

She was seated on a settee at the upper end of the room, Sindall sat on a chair by her, and Mrs. Eldridge, from choice,

was

was walking about the room; it somehow happened that, in a few minutes, the last-mentioned lady left her companions by themselves.

Sindall, whose eyes had not been idle before, cast them now to the ground with a look of the most feeling discomposure; and gently lifting them again, "I know not, said he, most lovely of women, whether I should venture to express the sensations of my heart at this moment; that respect which ever attends a love so sincere as mine, has hitherto kept me silent; but the late accident, in which all that I hold dear was endangered, has opened every sluice of tenderness in my soul, and I were more or less than man, did I resist the impulse of declaring it." "This is no place, sir,"—said Harriet, trembling and cover-

ed with blushes.—“ Every place, cried Sindall, is sacred to love, where my Harriet is.” At the same time he threw himself on his knees before her, and imprinted a thousand burning kisses on her hand. “ Let go my hand, sir Thomas,” she cried, her voice faltering and her cheek overspread with a still higher glow: “ Never, thou cruel one, said he, (raising himself gently till he had gained a place on the settee by her side) never, till you listen to the dictates of a passion too violent to be longer resisted.”——At that instant some bustle was heard at the door, and presently after a voice in a country-accent, vociferating “ It is my neighbour’s own daughter, and I must see her immediately.”—The door burst open, and discovered Jack Ryland, Mrs. Eldridge following

lowing him, with a countenance not the most expressive of good-humour.

“ Ryland ! exclaimed the baronet, what is the meaning of this ? ” advancing towards him with an air of fierceness and indignation, which the other returned with a hearty shake by the hand, saying he was rejoiced to find Miss Harriet in so good company. — “ Dear Mr. Ryland, said she, a little confusedly, I am happy to see you ; but it is odd—I cannot conceive—tell us, as sir Thomas was just now asking, how you came to find us out here.”

“ Why, you must understand, miss, returned Jack, that I have got a little bit of a legacy left me by a relation here in London ; as I was coming up on that business, I thought I could do no less than

ask your worthy father's commands for you and Mr. William. So we settled matters, that, as our times, I believe, will agree well enough, I should have the pleasure, if you are not otherwise engaged, of conducting you home again. I came to town only this day, and after having eat a mutton chop at the inn where I lighted, and got myself into a little decent trim, I set out from a place they call Piccadilly, I think, asking every body I met which was the shortest way to Newgate, where I understood your brother was to be found. But I was like to make a marvellous long journey on't; for besides that it is a huge long way, as I was told, I hardly met with one person that would give a mannerly answer to my questions; to be sure they are the most humour-some people, here in London, that ever I

saw in my life ; when I asked the road to Newgate, one told me, I was not likely to be long in finding it ; another bade me cut the first throat I met and it would show me ; and a deal of such out-of-the-way jokes. At last, while I was looking round for some civil-like body to enquire of, who should I see whip past me in a coach but yourself with that lady, as I take it, upon which I hollowed out to the coachman to stop, but he did not hear me, as I suppose, and drove on as hard as ever ; I followed him close at the heels for some time, till the street he turned into being much darker than where I saw you first, by reason there were none of your torches blazing there, I fell headlong into a rut in the middle of it, and lost sight of the carriage before I could recover myself : however, I ran down a right-hand road,

which I guessed you had taken, asking any body I thought would give me an answer, if they had seen a coach with a handsome young woman in't, drawn by a pair of dark bays; but I was only laught at for my pains, till I fell in by chance with a simple country-man like myself, who informed me, that he had seen such a one overturned just before this-here large house; and the door being open, I stept in without more ado, till I happened to hear this lady whispering something to another about fir Thomas Sindall, when I guessed that you might be with him, as acquaintances will find one another out, you know; and so here I am, at your service and fir Thomas's."

This history afforded as little entertainment to its hearers as it may have done

to the greatest part of my readers ; but it gave sir Thomas and Harriet time enough to recover from that confusion, into which the appearance of Ryland had thrown both of them ; though with this difference, that Harriet's was free from the guilt of Sindall's, and did not even proceed from the least suspicion of any thing criminal in the intentions of that gentleman.

Sir Thomas pretended great satisfaction in having met with his acquaintance Mr. Ryland, and, having obtained another hackney-coach, they drove together to Newgate, where Jack received a much sincerer welcome from Annesly, and they passed the evening with the greatest satisfaction.

Not but that there moved something unusual in the bosom of Harriet, from the

declaration of her lover, and in his, from the attempt which Providence had interposed to disappoint; he consoled himself, however, with the reflexion, that he had not gone such a length as to alarm her simplicity, and took from the mortification of the past, by the hope of more successful villany.

C H A P. XXI.

An account of Annesly's departure.

IT was not long before the time arrived in which Annesly was to bid adieu to his native country for the term which the mercy of his sovereign had allotted for his punishment. He behaved, at this juncture, with a determined sort of coolness, not easily expected from one of his warmth of feelings, at a time of life when these are in their fullest vigour. His sister, whose gentle heart began to droop under the thoughts of their separation, he employed every argument to comfort. He bade her remember that it had been determined he should be absent for some years, before this necessity of his absence had

arisen. “ Suppose me on my travels, said he, my Harriet, but for a longer term, and the sum of this calamity is exhausted; if there are hardships awaiting me, think how I should otherwise expiate my follies and my crimes: the punishments of heaven, our father has often told us, are mercies to its children; mine, I hope, will have a double effect; to wipe away my former offences, and prevent my offending for the future.”

He was actuated by the same steadiness of spirit, in the disposal of what money his father's credit enabled him to command. He called in an exact account of his debts, those to Sindall not excepted, and discharged them in full, much against the inclination of sir Thomas, who insisted, as much as in decency he could, on
cancelling

cancelling every obligation of that sort to himself. But Annelly was positive in his resolution; and after having cleared these encumbrances, he embarked with only a few shillings in his pocket, saying, that he would never pinch his father's age, to mitigate the punishment which his son had more than deserved.

There was another account to settle, which he found a more difficult task. The parting with his sister, he knew not how to accomplish, without such a pang as her tender frame could very ill support. At length he resolved to take at least from its solemnity, if he could not alleviate its anguish. Having sat, therefore, with Harriet till past midnight, on the eve of his departure, which he employed in renewing his arguments of consolation, and

earnestly recommending to her to keep up those spirits which should support her father and herself, he pretended a desire to sleep, appointed an hour for breakfasting with her in the morning; and so soon as he could prevail on her to leave him, he went on board the boat, which waited to carry him, and some unfortunate companions of his voyage to the ship destined to transport them.

Sir Thomas accompanied him a little way down the river, till, at the earnest desire of his friend, he was carried ashore in a sculler, which they happened to meet on their way. When they parted, Annelly wrung his hand, and dropping a tear on it, which hitherto he had never allowed himself to shed, "To my faithful Sindall," said he, I leave a trust more precious to
this

this bosom than every other earthly good. Be the friend of my father, as you have been that of his undeserving son, and protect my Harriet's youth, who has lost that protection a brother should have afforded her. If the prayers of a wretched exile in a foreign land can be heard of heaven, the name of his friend shall rise with those of a parent and a sister in his hourly benedictions; and if at any time you shall bestow a thought upon him, remember the only comfort of which adversity has not deprived him, the confidence of his Sindall's kindness to those whom he has left weeping behind him."

Such was the charge which Annesly gave and Sindall received; he received it with a tear; a tear, which the better part of his nature had yet reserved from the
ruins

ruins of principle, of justice, of humanity. It fell involuntarily at the time, and he thought of it afterwards with a blush—Such was the system of self-applause which the refinements of vice had taught him, and such is the honour she has reared for the worship of her votaries!

Annelly kept his eyes fixed on the lights of London, till the encreasing distance deprived them of their object. Nor did his imagination fail him in the picture, after that help was taken from her. The form of the weeping Harriet, lovely in her grief, still swam before his sight; on the back-ground stood a venerable figure, turning his eyes to heaven, while a tear that swelled in each dropped for the sacrifice

fice of his sorrow, and a bending angel accepted it as incense.

Thus, by a series of dissipation, so easy in its progress, that, if my tale were fiction, it would be thought too simple, was this unfortunate young man lost to himself, his friends, and his country. Take but a few incidents away, and it is the history of thousands. Let not those, who have escaped the punishment of Annelly, look with indifference on the participation of his guilt, nor suffer the present undisturbed enjoyment of their criminal pleasures, to blot from their minds the idea of future retribution.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXII.

Harriet is informed of her Brother's departure. She leaves London on her return home.

SINDALL took upon himself the charge of communicating the intelligence of Annesly's departure to his sister. She received it with an entrancement of sorrow, which deprived her of its expression; and when at last her tears found their way to utter it, "Is he gone! said she, and shall I never see him more? cruel Billy! Oh! sir Thomas, I had a thousand things to say! and has he left me without a single adieu?"—"It was in kindness to you, Miss Annesly, answered the baronet, that he did so."—"I believe you,

you, said she, I know it was; and yet, methinks, he should have bid me farewell—I could have stood it, indeed I could—I am not so weak as you think me; yet Heaven knows I have need of strength”—and she burst into tears again.

Sir Thomas did not want for expressions of comfort or of kindness, nor did he fail, amidst the assurances of his friendship, to suggest those tenderer sensations which his bosom felt on account of Miss Annesly. She gave him a warmth of gratitude in return, which, though vice may sometimes take advantage of it, virtue can never blame.

His protestations were interrupted by the arrival of Ryland, who had accidentally heard of Annesly's embarkment. Jack
had

had but few words to communicate his feelings by; but his eyes helped them out with an honest tear. "Your brother, I hear, is gone, Miss Harriet, said he; well, Heaven bless him wherever he goes!"

Harriet begg'd to know when it would suit his convenience to leave London, saying, that every day she stayed there now, would reproach her absence from her father. Jack made answer, that he could be ready to attend her at an hour's warning; for that his business in London was finished, and as for pleasure he could find none in it. It was agreed therefore, contrary to the zealous advice of sir Thomas and Mrs. Eldridge, that Harriet should set off, accompanied by Mr. Ryland, the very next morning.

Their

Their resolution was accomplished, and they set out by the break of day. Sindall accompanied them on horseback several stages, and they dined together about forty miles from London. Here having settled their rout according to a plan of sir Thomas's, who seemed to be perfectly versant in the geography of the country, through which they were to pass, he was prevailed on, by the earnest entreaty of Harriet, to return to London, and leave her to perform the rest of the journey under the protection of Mr. Ryland.

On their leaving the inn at which they dined, there occurred an incident, of which, though the reader may have observed me not apt to dwell on trifling circumstances, I cannot help taking notice.

While

While they were at dinner, they were frequently disturbed by the boisterous mirth of a company in the room immediately adjoining. This, one of the waiters informed them, proceeded from a gentleman, who, he believed, was travelling from London down into the country, and, having no companion, had associated with the landlord over a bottle of claret, which, according to the waiter's account, his honour had made so free with, as to be in a merrier, or, as that word may generally be translated, a more noise-making mood than usual. As Sindall was handing Harriet into the post-chaise, they observed a gentleman, whom they concluded to be the same whose voice they had so often heard at dinner, standing in the passage that led to the door. When the lady passed him, he trod, either accidentally or on purpose,

purpose, on the skirt of her gown behind; and as she turned about to get rid of the stop, having now got sight of her face, he exclaimed, with an oath, that she was an angel; and, seizing the hand with which she was disengaging her gown, pressed it to his lips in so rude a manner, that even his drunkenness could not excuse it; at least it could not to Sindall; who stepping between him and Miss Annesly, laid hold of his collar, and shaking him violently, demanded how he dared to affront the lady; and insisted on his immediately asking her pardon. "Dammee," said he, hiccupping, "not on compulsion, dammee, for you nor any man, dammee." The landlord and Mr. Ryland now interposed, and with the assistance of Harriet, pacified sir Thomas, from the considera-

tion

tion of the gentleman's being in a temporary state of insanity ; Sindall accordingly let go his hold, and went on with Harriet to the chaise, while the other, readjusting his neck-cloth, swore that he would have another peep at the girl notwithstanding.

When Harriet was seated in the chaise, Sindall took notice of the flutter into which this accident had thrown her ; she confessed that she had been a good deal alarmed, lest there should have been a quarrel on her account, and begged sir Thomas, if he had any regard for her ease of mind, to think no more of any vengeance against the other gentleman. " Fear not, my adorable Harriet, whispered sir Thomas ; if I thought there were

one kind remembrance of Sindall in that heavenly bosom"——the chaise drove on——she blushed a reply to this unfinished speech, and bowed, smiling, to its author.

C H A P. XXIII.

Harriet proceeds on her journey with Ryland.—A very daring attack is made upon them. The consequences.

NOTHING farther happened worthy of recording, till towards the close of that journey which sir Thomas's direction had marked out for their first day's progress. Ryland had before observed, that sir Thomas's short roads had turned out very sorry ones; and when it began to be dark, Harriet's fears made her take notice, that they had got upon a large common, where, for a great way round, there was not a house to be seen. Nor was she at all relieved by the information of the post-boy, who, upon be-
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ing interrogated by Ryland as to the safety of the road, answered, "To be sure, master, I've known some highwaymen frequent this common, and there stands a gibbet hard by, where two of them have hung these three years." He had scarcely uttered this speech, when the noise of horsemen was heard behind them, at which Miss Annesly's heart began to palpitate, nor was her companion's free from unusual agitation. He asked the post-boy, in a low voice, if he knew the riders who were coming up behind; the boy answered in the negative, but that he needed not be afraid, as he observed a carriage along with them.

The first of the horsemen now passed the chaise in which Ryland and Harriet were, and at the distance of a few yards

they crossed the road, and made a halt on the other side of it. Harriet's fears were now too much alarmed to be quieted by the late assurance of the post-boy: she was not, indeed, long suffered to remain in a state of suspense; one of those objects of her terror called to the driver to stop, which the lad had no sooner complied with, than he rode up to the side of the carriage where the lady was seated, and told her, in a tone rather peremptory than threatening, that she must allow that gentleman (meaning Ryland) to accept of a seat in another carriage, which was just behind, and do him and his friends the honour of taking one of them for her companion. He received no answer to this demand, she to whom it was made having fainted into the arms of her terrified fellow-traveller. In this state of insensibility,

bility, Ryland was forced, by the inhuman ruffian and his associates, to leave her, and enter a chaise which now drew up to receive him; and one of the gang, whose appearance bespoke something of a higher rank than the rest, seated himself by her, and was very assiduous in using proper means for her recovery. When that was effected, he begged her, in terms of great politeness, not to make herself in the least uneasy, for that no harm was intended.—“Oh heavens! she cried, where am I? What would you have? Whither would you carry me? Where is Mr. Ryland?” “If you mean the gentleman in whose company you were, madam, you may be assured, that nothing ill shall happen to him any more than to yourself.”—“Nothing ill, said she, merciful God! What do you intend to do

with me?" "I would not do you a mischief for the world, answered he; and if you will be patient for a little time, you shall be satisfied that you are in danger of none."—All this while they forced the post-boy, to drive on full speed; and there was light enough for Harriet to discover, that the road they took had so little the appearance of a frequented one, that there was but a very small chance of her meeting with any relief. In a short time after, however, when the moon shining out made it lighter, she found they were obliged to slacken their pace, from being met, in a narrow part of the road, by some persons on horseback. The thoughts of relief recruited a little her exhausted spirits; and having got down the front-glass, she called out as loud as she was able, begging their assistance to rescue

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a miserable creature from ruffians. One who attended the carriage by way of guard, exclaimed that it was only a poor wretch out of her senses, whom her friends were conveying to a place of security : but Harriet, notwithstanding some endeavours of the man in the chaise to prevent her, cried out with greater vehemence than before, entreating them, for God's sake, to pity and relieve her. By this time one, who had been formerly behind, came up to the front of the party they had met, and overhearing this last speech of Harriet's—" Good God ! said he, can it be Miss Annesly ?" Upon this her companion in the carriage, jumped out with a pistol in his hand, and presently she heard the report of fire-arms, at which the horses taking fright, ran furiously across the fields for a considerable way before their

driver was able to stop them. He had scarcely accomplished that, when he was accosted by a servant in livery, who bade him fear nothing, for that his master had obliged the villains to make off:—"Eternal blessings on him!" cried Harriet, and to that providence whose instrument he is."—"To have been of any service to Miss Annesly, replied a gentleman who now appeared leading his horse, rewards itself."—"It was Sindall!"—"Gracious powers!" exclaimed the astonished Harriet, can it be you, sir Thomas?" "Compose yourself, my dear Miss Annesly, said he, lest the surprize of your deliverance should overpower your spirits."—He had opened the door of the chaise, and Harriet, by a natural motion, made room for him to sit by her.—He accordingly gave his horse to a servant, and stepped into the chaise, directing

directing the driver to strike down a particular path, which would lead him to a small inn, where he had sometimes passed the night when a hunting.

When he pulled up the glass, "Tell me, tell me, sir Thomas, said Harriet, what guardian angel directed you so unexpectedly to my relief?"—"That guardian angel, my fairest, which I trust will ever direct us to happiness; my love, my impatient love, that could not bear the tedious days which my Harriet's presence had ceased to brighten."—When she would have expressed the warmth of her gratitude for his services; "Speak not of them, said he; I only risked a life in thy defence, which, without thee, it is nothing to possess."

They now reached that inn to which Sindall had directed them; where, if they found a homely, yet it was a cordial reception. The landlady, who had the most obliging and attentive behaviour in the world; having heard of the accident which had befallen the lady, produced some waters which, she said, were highly cordial, and begged Miss Annesly to take a large glass of them; informing her, that they were made after a receipt of her grandmother's, who was one of the most notable doctresses in the country. Sir Thomas, however, was not satisfied with this prescription alone, but dispatched one of his servants to fetch a neighbouring surgeon, as Miss Annesly's alarm, he said, might have more serious consequences than people, ignorant of such things, could imagine. For this surgeon, indeed, there

there seemed more employments than one ; the sleeve of sir Thomas's shirt was discovered to be all over blood, owing, as he imagined, to the grazing of a pistol-ball which had been fired at him. This himself treated very lightly, but it awakened the fears and tenderness of Harriet in the liveliest manner.

The landlady now put a question, which indeed might naturally have suggested itself before ; to wit, Whom they suspected to be the instigators of this outrage ? Sir Thomas answered, that, for his part, he could form no probable conjecture about the matter ; and, turning to Miss Annesly, asked her opinion on the subject ; " Sure, said he, it cannot have been that ruffian who was rude to you at the inn where we dined." Harriet answered, that she could

very well suppose it might; adding, that though, in the confusion, she did not pretend to have taken very distinct notice of things, yet she thought there was a person standing at the door, near to that drunken gentleman, who had some resemblance of the man that sat by her in the chaise.

They were interrupted by the arrival of the surgeon, which, from the vigilance of the servant, happened in a much shorter time than could have been expected; and Harriet peremptorily insisted, that, before he took any charge of her, he should examine and dress the wound on sir Thomas's arm. To this, therefore, the baronet was obliged to consent; and after having been some time with the operator in an adjoining chamber, they returned together, sir Thomas's arm being
slung

flung in a piece of crape, and the surgeon declaring, highly to Miss Annesly's satisfaction, that with proper care there was no sort of danger; though, he added, that if the shot had taken a direction but half an inch more to the left, it would have shattered the bone to pieces. This last declaration drove the blood again from Harriet's cheek, and contributed perhaps, more than any thing else, to that quickness and tremulation of pulse which the surgeon, on applying his finger to her wrist, pronounced to be the case. He ordered his patient to be undrest; which was accordingly done, the landlady accommodating her with a bed-gown of her own; and then, having mulled a little wine, he mixed in it some powders of his own composition, a secret, he said, of the greatest efficacy in readjusting any disorders

ders in the nervous system; of which draught he recommended a large tea-cupful to be taken immediately. Harriet objected strongly against these powders, till the surgeon seemed to grow angry at her refusal, and recapitulated, in a very rapid manner, the success which their administration had in many great families who did him the honour of employing him. Harriet, the gentleness of whose nature could offend no one living, overcame her reluctance, and swallowed the dose that was offered her——

The indignation of my soul has with difficulty submitted so long to this cool description of a scene of the most exquisite villany. The genuineness of my tale needs not the aid of surprise, to interest the feelings of my readers. It is with
horror

horror I tell them, that the various incidents, which this and the preceding chapter contain, were but the prelude of a design formed by Sindall for the destruction of that innocence, which was the dowry of Annesly's daughter. He had contrived a rout the most proper for the success of his machinations, which the ignorance of Ryland was prevailed on to follow: he had bribed a set of banditti to execute that sham rape, which his seeming valour was to prevent; he had scratched his wrist with a penknife, to make the appearance of being wounded in the cause; he had trained his victim to the house of a wretch whom he had before employed in purposes of a similar kind; he had dressed one of his own creatures to personate a surgeon, and that surgeon, by his directions, had administered certain powders,
of

of which the damnable effects were to assist the execution of his villany.

Beset with toils like these, his helpless prey was, alas ! too much in his power to have any chance of escape ; and that guilty night completed the ruin of her, whom, but the day before, the friend of Sindall, in the anguish of his soul, had recommended to his care and protection.—

Let me close this chapter on the monstrous deed !—That such things are, is a thought distressful to humanity—--their detail can gratify no mind that deserves to be gratified.

C H A P. XXIV.

The situation of Harriet, and the conduct of Sindall. They proceed homeward. Some incidents in their journey.

I Would describe, if I could, the anguish which the recollection of the succeeding day brought on the mind of Harriet Annesly.—But it is in such passages that the expression of the writer will do little justice even to his own feelings; much must therefore be left to those of the reader.

The poinancy of her own distress was doubled by the idea of her father's; a father's, whose pride, whose comfort, but a few weeks ago she had been, to whom she was now to return deprived of that innocence

cence which could never be restored. I should rather say that honour; for guilt it could not be called, under the circumstances into which she had been betrayed; but the world has little distinction to make; and the fall of her, whom the deepest villany has circumvented, it brands with that common degree of infamy, which, in its justice, it always imputes to the side of the less criminal party.

Sindall's pity (for we will do him no injustice) might be touched; his passion was but little abated; and he employed the language of both to comfort the affliction he had caused. From the violence of what, by the perversion of words, is termed love, he excused the guilt of his past conduct, and protested his readiness
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to wipe it away by the future. He begged that Harriet would not suffer her delicacy to make her unhappy under the sense of their connexion; he vowed that he considered her as his wife, and that, as soon as particular circumstances would allow him, he would make her what the world called so, though the sacredness of his attachment was above being encreased by any form whatever.

There was something in the mind of Harriet which allowed her little ease under all these protestations of regard; but they took off the edge of her present affliction, and she heard them, if not with a warmth of hope, at least with an alleviation of despair.

They now set out on their return to the peaceful mansion of Annesly. How blissful,

blissful, in any other circumstances, had Harriet imagined the sight of a father, whom she now trembled to behold!

They had not proceeded many miles when they were met by Ryland, attended by a number of rustics whom he had assembled for the purpose of searching after Miss Annesly. It was only indeed by the lower class that the account he gave had been credited, for which those who did not believe it cannot much be blamed, when we consider its improbability, and likewise that Jack's persuasive powers were not of a sort that easily induces persuasion, even when not disarranged by the confusion and fright of such an adventure.

His joy at finding Harriet safe in the protection of sir Thomas, was equally turbulent

turbulent with his former fears for her welfare. After rewarding his present associates with the greatest part of the money in his pocket, he proceeded, in a manner not the most distinct, to give an account of what befel himself, subsequent to that violence which had torn him from his companion. The chaise, he said, into which he was forced, drove, by several cross roads, about three or four miles from the place where they were first attacked; it then stopping, his attendant commanded him to get out, and, pointing to a farm-house which, by the light of the moon, was discernible at some distance, told him, that, if he went thither, he would find accommodation for the night, and might pursue his journey with safety in the morning.

He

He now demanded, in his turn, a recital from Harriet of her share of their common calamity, which she gave him in the few words the present state of her spirits could afford. When she had ended, Ryland fell on his knees in gratitude to sir Thomas for her deliverance. Harriet turned on Sindall a look infinitely expressive, and it was followed by a starting tear.

They now proceeded to the next stage on their way homeward, Sindall declaring, that, after what had happened, he would, on no account, leave Miss Annesly, till he had delivered her safe into the hands of her father. She heard this speech with a sigh so deep, that if Ryland had possessed much penetration, he would have made conjectures of something uncommon

common on her mind; but he was guiltless of imputing to others, what his honesty never experienced in himself. Sir Thomas observed it better, and gently chid it by squeezing her hand in his.

At the inn where they first stopt, they met with a gentleman who made the addition of a fourth person to their party, being an officer who was going down to the same part of the country on recruiting orders, and happened to be a particular acquaintance of sir Thomas Sindall: his name was Camplin.

He afforded to their society an ingredient of which at present it seemed to stand pretty much in need; to wit, a proper share of mirth and humour, for which nature seemed, by a profusion of
animal

animal spirits, to have very well fitted him. She had not perhaps bestowed on him much sterling wit ; but she had given him abundance of that counterfeit assurance, which frequently passes more current than the real. In this company, to which chance had associated him, he had an additional advantage from the presence of Ryland, whom he very soon discovered to be of that order of men called Buts, those easy cushions (to borrow a metaphor of Otway's) on whom the wits of the world repose and fatten.

Besides all this, he had a fund of conversation arising from the adventures of a life which, according to his own account, he had passed equally in the perils of war and the luxuries of peace ; his memoirs affording repeated instances of his valour

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in dangers of the field, his address in the society of the great, and his gallantry in connexions with the fair.

But lest the reader should imagine, that the real portraiture of this gentleman was to be found in those lineaments which he drew of himself, I will take the liberty candidly, though briefly, to communicate some particulars relating to his quality, his situation, and his character.

He was the son of a man who called himself an attorney, in a village adjoining to sir Thomas Sindall's estate. His father, sir William, with whom I made my readers a little acquainted in the beginning of my story, had found this same lawyer useful in carrying on some proceedings

ceedings against his poor neighbours, which the delicacy of more established practitioners in the law might possibly have boggled at; and he had grown into consequence with the baronet, from that pliancy of disposition which was so suited to his service. Not that sir William was naturally cruel or oppressive; but he had an exalted idea of the consequence which a great estate confers on its possessor, which was irritated beyond measure when any favorite scheme of his was opposed by a man of little fortune, however just or proper his reasons for opposition might be; and, though a *good sort of man*, as I have before observed, his vengeance was implacable.

Young Camplin, who was nearly of an age with master Tommy Sindall, was frequently

quently at sir William's in-quality of a dependant companion to his son; and, before the baronet died, he had procured him an ensign's commission in a regiment, which some years after was stationed in one of our garrisons abroad, where Camplin, much against his inclination, was under a necessity of joining it.

Here he happened to have an opportunity of obliging the chief in command by certain little offices, which, though not strictly honourable in themselves, are sanctified by the favour and countenance of many honourable men; and so much did they attach his commander to the ensign, that the latter was very soon promoted by his interest to the rank of a lieutenant, and not long after was enabled

to make a very advantageous purchase of a company.

With this patron also he returned to England, and was received at all times in a very familiar manner into his house; where he had the honour of carving good dishes which he was sometimes permitted to taste, of laughing at jokes which he was sometimes allowed to make, and carried an obsequious face into all companies, who were not treated with such extraordinary respect as to preclude his approach.

About this time his father, whose business in the country had not encreased since the death of sir William Sindall, had settled in London, where the reader will recollect the having met with him in a
former

former chapter ; but the captain, during his patron's residence there, lived too near St. James's to make many visits to Gray's Inn ; and after that gentleman left the town, he continued to move amidst a circle of men of fashion, with whom he contrived to live in a manner which has been often defined by the expression of, " nobody knows how." Which sort of life he had followed uninterruptedly, without ever joining his regiment, till he was now obliged, by the change of a colonel, to take some of the duty in his turn, and was ordered a recruiting, as I have taken due occasion to relate.

In this company did Harriet return to her father. As the news of disaster is commonly speedy in its course, the good man had already been confusedly informed

of the attack which had been made on his daughter. To him therefore this meeting was so joyful, as almost to blot from his remembrance the calamities which had lately befallen his family. But far different were the sensations of Harriet: she shrunk from the sight of a parent, of whose purity she now conceived herself unworthy, and fell blushing on his neck, which she bathed with a profusion of tears. This he imagined to proceed from her sensibility of those woes which her unhappy brother had suffered; and he forbore to take notice of her distress, any otherwise than by maintaining a degree of cheerfulness himself, much above what the feelings of his heart could warrant.

He was attended, when her fellow-travellers accompanied Miss Annesly to
his

his house, by a gentleman, whom he now introduced to her by the name of Rawlinson, saying he was a very worthy friend of his, who had lately returned from abroad. Harriet indeed recollected to have heard her father mention such a one in their conversations before. Though a good deal younger than Annesly, he had been a very intimate school-fellow of his in London, from which place he was sent to the East Indies, and returned, as was common in those days, with some thousand pounds, and a good conscience, to his native country. A genuine plainness of manners, and a warm benevolence of heart, neither the refinements of life, nor the subtleties of traffic, had been able to weaken in Rawlinson; and he set out, under the impression of both, immediately after his arrival in

England, to visit a companion, whose virtues he remembered with veneration, and the value of whose friendship he had not forgotten. Annesly received him with that welcome which his fire-side ever afforded to the worthy; and Harriet, through the dimness of her grief, smiled on the friend of her father.

C H A P. XXV.

Something farther of Mr. Rawlinson.

RAWLINSON found his reception so agreeable, that he lengthened his visit much beyond the limits which he at first intended it; and the earnest request of Annelly, to whom his friend's company was equally pleasing, extended them still a little farther.

During this period, he had daily opportunities of observing the amiable dispositions of Harriet. He observed, indeed, a degree of melancholy about her, which seemed extraordinary in one of her age; but he was satisfied to account for it, from the relation, which her father had given

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him,

him, of the situation of his son, and that remarkable tenderness of which his daughter was susceptible. When viewed in this light, it added to the good opinion which he already entertained of her.

His esteem for Miss Annesly showed itself by every mark of attention, which a regard for the other sex unavoidably prompts in ours; and a young woman, or her father, who had no more penetration in those matters than is common to many, would not have hesitated to pronounce that Rawlinson was already the lover of Harriet. But as neither she nor her father had any wishes pointing that way, which had been one great index for discovery, they were void of any suspicion of his intentions, till he declared them to Annesly himself.

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He did this with an openness and sincerity conformable to the whole of his character. He told his friend that he had now made such a fortune as enabled him to live independantly, and that he looked for a companion to participate it, whose good-sense would improve what were worthy, and whose good-nature would bear what were imperfect in him. He had discovered, he said, so much of both in the mind of Miss Annelly, that there needed not the recommendation of being the daughter of his worthiest friend to determine his choice; and that, though he was not old enough to be insensible to beauty, yet he was wise enough to consider it as the least of her good qualities. He added, that he made this application to her father, not to ask a partial exertion of his interest in his favour, but only, as

the common friend of both, to reveal his intentions to Miss Harriet. "She has seen me, said he, as I am; if not a romantic lover, I shall not be a different sort of being, should she accept of me for a husband; if she does not, I promise you, I shall be far from being offended, and will always endeavour to retain her for my friend, whom I have no right to blame for not chusing to be my wife."

Annesly communicated this proposal to his daughter, with a fairness, worthy of that with which it had been entrusted to him: "I come not, said he, my Harriet, as a despot to command, not as a father to persuade, but merely as the friend of Mr. Rawlinson, to disclose his sentiments; that you should judge for yourself, in a matter of the highest importance to you,

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is the voice of reason and of nature; I blush for those parents who have thought otherwise. I would not even, with a view to this particular case, obtrude my advice; in general you have heard my opinion before, that the violence which we have been accustomed to apply to love, is not always necessary towards happiness in marriage; at the same time, that it is a treason of the highest kind in a woman to take him for her husband, whom a decent affection has not placed in that situation, whence alone she should chuse one. But my Harriet has not merely been taught sentiments; I know she has learned the art of forming them; and here she shall be trusted entirely to her own."

The feelings of Harriet on this proposal, and the manner in which her father

communicated it, were of so tender a kind, that she could not restrain her tears. There wanted, indeed, but little to induce her to confess all that had passed with Sindall, and throw herself on the clemency of her indulgent parent. Had she practised this sincerity, which is the last virtue we should ever part with, how happy had it been ! But it required a degree of fortitude, as well as softness, to make this discovery ; besides, that her seducer had, with the tenderest entreaties, and assurances of a speedy reparation of her injuries, prevailed on her to give him something like a promise of secrecy.

Her answer to this offer of Mr. Rawlinson's, expressed her sense of the obligation she lay under to him, and to her father ; she avowed an esteem for his character
equal

equal to its excellence, but that it amounted not to that tender regard which she must feel for the man whom she could think of making her husband.

Rawlinson received his friend's account of this determination without discomposure. He said he knew himself well enough to believe that Miss Annesly had made an honest and a proper declaration ; and begged to have an interview with herself, to show her that he conceived not the smallest resentment at her refusal, which, on the contrary, though it destroyed his hopes, had encreased his veneration for her.

“ Regard me not, said he to her when they met, with that aspect of distance, as if you had offended or affronted me ; let me

me not lose that look of kindness which, as the friend of your father and yourself, I have formerly experienced. I confess there is one disparity between us, which we elderly men are apt to forget, but which I take no offence at being put in mind of. It is more than probable that I shall never be married at all. Since I am not a match for you Miss Annesly, I would endeavour to make you somewhat better, if it is possible, for another; do me the favour to accept of this paper, and let it speak for me, that I would contribute to your happiness, without the selfish consideration of its being made one with my own." So saying, he bowed and retired into an adjoining apartment, where his friend was seated. Harriet, upon opening the paper, found it to contain bank-bills to the amount of a thousand pounds.

Her

Her surprise at this instance of generosity held her, for a few moments, fixed to the spot; but she no sooner recollected herself, than she followed Mr. Rawlinson, and putting the paper, with its contents, into his hand: "Though I feel, sir, said she, with the utmost gratitude, those sentiments of kindness and generosity you have expressed towards me, you will excuse me, I hope, from receiving this mark of them."—Rawlinson's countenance betrayed some indications of displeasure.—

"You do wrong, said he, young lady, and I will be judged by your father——

This was a present, sir, I intended for the worthiest woman, the daughter of my worthiest friend; she is woman still, I see, and her pride will, no more than her affections, submit itself to my happiness."

Annelly looked upon the bank-bill's;

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“ There is a delicacy, my best friend, said he, in our situation ; the poor must ever be cautious, and there is a certain degree of pride which is their safest virtue.”—“ Let me tell you, interrupted the other, this is not the pride of virtue.—It is that fantastic nicety which is a weakness in the soul, and the dignity of great minds is above it. Believe me, the churlishness which cannot oblige, is little more selfish, though in a different mode, than the haughtiness which will not be obliged.”

“ We are instructed, my child,” said Annesly, delivering her the paper ; “ let us show Mr. Rawlinson, that we have not that narrowness of mind which he has censured ; and that we will pay that last tribute

bute to his worth which the receiving of a favour bestows."

"Indeed, sir, said Harriet, I little deserve it; I am not, I am not what he thinks me.—I am not worthy of his regard."—And she burst into tears.—They knew not why she wept; but their eyes shed each a sympathetic drop, without asking their reason's leave.

Mr. Rawlinson speedily set out for London, where his presence was necessary towards dispatching some business he had left unfinished, after his return to England.

He left his friend, and his friend's amiable daughter, with a tender regret; while they, who, in their humble walk
of

of life, had few to whom that title would belong, felt his absence with an equal emotion. He promised, however, at his departure, to make them another visit with the return of the spring.

C H A P. XXVI.

Captain Camplin is again introduced.—The situation of Miss Annesly, with that gentleman's concern in her affairs.

HIS place was but ill supplied, at their winter's fire-side, by the occasional visits of Camplin, whom Sindall had introduced to Annesly's acquaintance. Yet, though his was a character on which Annesly could not bestow much of his esteem, it had some good-humoured qualities, which did not fail to entertain and amuse him. But the captain seemed to be less agreeable in that quarter to which he principally pointed his attention, to wit, the opinion of Harriet, to whom he took frequent occasion to make those speeches, which

which have just enough of folly in them to acquire the name of compliments, and sometimes even ventured to turn them in so particular a manner, as if he wished to have them understood to mean somewhat more.

The situation of the unfortunate Harriet was such as his pleasantries could not divert, and his attachment could only disgust. As she had lost that peace of mind which inward satisfaction alone can bestow, so she felt the calamity doubled, by that obligation to secrecy she was under, and the difficulty which her present condition (for she was now with child) made such a concealment be attended with. Often had she determined to reveal, either to her father or to Mrs. Wistansly, who, of her own sex, was her only friend, the

story

story of her dishonour; but Sindall, by repeated solicitations when in the country, and a constant correspondence when in town, conjured her to be silent for some little time, till he could smoothe the way for bestowing his hand on the only woman whom he had ever sincerely loved. One principal reason for his postponing their union, had always been the necessity for endeavouring to gain over the assent of his grandfather by the mother's side, from whom Sindall had great expectations; he had, from time to time, suggested this as difficult, and only to be attempted with caution, from the proud and touchy disposition of the old gentleman: he now represented him as in a very declining state of health, and that, probably, in a very short time, his death would remove this obstacle to the warmest wish

wish of a heart, that was ever faithful to his Harriet. The flattering language of his letters could not arrest the progress of that time, which must divulge the shame of her he had undone; but they soothed the tumults of a soul to whom his villany was yet unknown, and whose affections his appearance of worth, of friendship, and nobleness of mind, had but too much entangled.

However imperfectly he had accounted for delaying a marriage, which he always professed his intention to perform, the delusion was kept up in the expectations of Harriet, till that period began to draw near, when it would be impossible any longer to conceal from the world the effects of their intimacy. Then, indeed, her uneasiness was not to be allayed by
such

such excuses as Sindall had before relied on her artless confidence to believe. He wrote her, therefore, an answer to a letter full of the most earnest as well as tender expostulations, informing her, of his having determined to run any risk of inconvenience to himself, rather than suffer her to remain longer in a state, such as she had (pathetically indeed) described. That he was to set out in a few days for the country, to make himself indissolubly hers; but that it was absolutely necessary that she should allow him to conduct their marriage in a particular manner, which he would communicate to her on his arrival; and begged, as she valued his peace and her own, that the whole matter might still remain inviolably secret as she had hitherto kept it.

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In a few days after the receipt of this letter, she received a note from Camplin, importing his desire to have an interview with her on some particular business, which related equally to her and to Sir Thomas Sindall. The time he appointed was early in the morning of the succeeding day; and the place, a little walk which the villagers used to frequent in holiday-times, at the back of her father's garden. This was delivered to her, in a secret manner, by a little boy, an attendant of that gentleman's, who was a frequent guest in Annelly's kitchen, from his talent at playing the flageolet, which he had acquired in the capacity of a drummer to the regiment to which his master belonged. Mysterious as the contents of this note were, the mind of Harriet easily suggested to her, that Camplin had been, in some
 respect

respect at least, let into the confidence of sir Thomas. She now felt the want of that dignity which innocence bestows; she blushed and trembled, even in the presence of this little boy, because he was Camplin's; and with a shaking hand, scrawled a note in answer to that he had brought her, to let his master know, that she would meet him at the hour he had appointed.—She met him accordingly.

He began with making many protestations of his regard, both for Miss Annesly and the baronet, which had induced him, he said, to dedicate himself to the service of both in this affair, though it was a matter of such delicacy as he would not otherwise have chosen to interfere in; and putting into her hand a letter from Sindall, told her, he had taken measures for car-

rying into execution the purpose it contained.

It informed her that sir Thomas was in the house of an old domestic at some miles distance, where he waited to be made hers. That he had for this secrecy many reasons, with which he could not by such a conveyance make her acquainted, but which her own prudence would probably suggest. He concluded with recommending her to the care and protection of Camplin, whose honour he warmly extolled.

She paused a moment on the perusal of this billet.—“Oh! heavens! said she, to what have I reduced myself! Mr. Camplin, what am I to do? Whither are you

to carry me? Pardon my confusion—I scarce know what I say to you.”——

“I have a chaise and four ready, answered Camplin, at the end of the lane, which in an hour or two, madam, will convey you to sir Thomas Sindall.” “But my father, good heaven! to leave my father!” “Consider, said he, ’tis but for a little while: my boy shall carry a note to acquaint him that you are gone on a visit, and will return in the evening.”——“Return! Methinks I feel a foreboding that I shall never return.”——He put a piece of paper and a pencil into her hand; the note was written, and dispatched by the boy, to whom he beckoned at some distance where he had waited.——

“Now, madam, said he, let me conduct you.”——Her knees knocked so against

each other, that it was with difficulty she could walk, even with the support of his arm. They reached the chaise; a servant who stood by it, opened the door to admit her; she put her foot on the step, then drew it back again. "Be not afraid, madam, said Camplin, you go to be happy." She put her foot up again, and stood in that attitude a moment; she cast back a look to the little mansion of her father, whence the smoke was now rolling its volumes in the calm of a beautiful morning. A gush of tenderness swelled her heart at the sight—She burst into tears—But the crisis of her fate was come—and she entered the carriage, which drove off at a furious rate, Camplin commanding the postilion to make as much speed as was possible.

C H A P. XXVII.

The effects which the event contained in the preceding chapter had on Mr. Annesly.

THE receipt of that note which Harriet was persuaded by Camplin to write to her father, (intimating that she was gone upon a visit to a family in the neighbourhood, and not to return till the evening) though her time of going abroad was somewhat unusual, did not create any surprise in the mind of Annesly; but it happened that Mrs. Wistanly, who called in the afternoon to enquire after her young friend, had just left the very house where her message imported her visit to be made. This set her father on

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conjecturing,

conjecturing, yet without much anxiety, and with no suspicion: but his fears were redoubled when, having sat up till a very late hour, no tidings arrived of his daughter. He went to bed, however, though it could not afford him sleep; at every bark of the village-dogs his heart bounded with the hopes of her return; but the morning rose, and did not restore him his Harriet.

His uneasiness had been observed by his servants, to whom he was too indulgent a master to have his interests considered by them with less warmth than their own. Abraham, therefore, who was coeval with his master, and had served him ever since he was married, had sallied forth by day-break on search of intelligence. He was met accidentally by a
hunterman

hunter of fir Thomas Sindall's, who informed him, that as he crossed the lane at the back of the village the morning before, he saw Miss Annesly leaning on captain Camplin's arm, and walking with him towards a chaise and four, which stood at the end of it. Abraham's cheeks grew pale at this intelligence; because he had a sort of instinctive terror for Camplin, who was in use to make his awkward simplicity a fund for many jests, and tricks of mischief, during his visits to Annesly. He hastened home to communicate this discovery to his master, which he did with a faltering tongue, and many ejaculations of fear and surprise. Annesly received it with less emotion, though not without an increase of uneasiness. "Yonder, said Abraham, looking through the window, is the captain's little boy;" and he ran

out of the room to bring him to an examination. The lad, upon being interrogated, confessed that his master had sent him to hire a chaise, which was to be in waiting at the end of that lane I have formerly mentioned, at an early hour in the morning, and that he saw Miss Annesly go into it attended by the captain, who had not, any more than Miss Harriet, been at home or heard of since that time. This declaration deprived Annesly of utterance; but it only added to the warmth of Abraham's inquisition, who now mingling threats with his questions, drew from the boy the secret, of his having privately delivered a letter, from his master to Miss Annesly, the very night preceding the day of their departure; and that a man of his acquaintance, who had stopt, about mid-day, at the alehouse where he was quartered,

told

told him, by way of conversation, that he had met his master with a lady, whom he supposed, jeeringly, he was running away with, driving at a great rate on the road towards London. Abraham made a sign to the boy to leave the room.—“My poor dear young lady!” said he, as he shut the door, and the tears gushed from his eyes. His master’s were turned upwards, to that Being to whom calamity ever directed them.—The maid-servant now entered the room, uttering some broken exclamations of sorrow, which a violent sobbing rendered inarticulate.—Annesly had finished his account with heaven; and addressing her with a degree of calmness, which the good man could derive only thence, asked her the cause of her being afflicted in so unusual a manner. “Oh, sir! said she, stifling her tears, I have heard what the

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captain’s

captain's boy has been telling; I fear it is but too true, and worse than you imagine! God forgive me if I wrong Miss Harriet; but I suspect—I have suspected for some time—the burst into tears again!—that my young lady is with child.”—Annelly had stretched his fortitude to the utmost—this last blow overcame it, and he fell senseless on the floor! Abraham threw himself down by him, tearing his white locks, and acting all the frantic extravagances of grief. But the maid was more useful to her master; and having raised him gently, and chafed his temples, he began to show some signs of reviving; when Abraham recollected himself so far as to assist his fellow-servant in carrying him to his chamber, and laying him on his bed, where he recovered the powers of life, and the sense of his misfortune.

Their

Their endeavours for his recovery were seconded by Mrs. Wistanly, who had made this early visit to satisfy some doubts which she, as well as Annelly, had conceived, even from the information of the preceding day. When he first regained the use of speech, he complained of a violent shivering, for which this good lady, from the little skill she possessed in physic, prescribed some simple remedies, and at the same time dispatched Abraham for an apothecary in the neighbourhood, who commonly attended the family.

Before this gentleman arrived, Annelly had received so much temporary relief from Mrs. Wistanly's prescriptions, as to be able to speak with more ease, than the incessant quivering of his lips had before allowed him to do. "Alas! said he, Mrs.

Wistanly, have you heard of my Harriet?"

—"I have, sir, said she, with equal astonishment and sorrow; yet let me entreat you not to abandon that hope which the present uncertainty may warrant. I cannot allow myself to think that things are so ill as your servants have informed me."

—"My foreboding heart, said he, tells me they are; I remember many circumstances now, which all meet to confirm my fears. Oh! Mrs. Wistanly, she was my darling, the idol of my heart! perhaps too much so—the will of heaven be done!"——

The apothecary now arrived, who, upon examining into the state of his patient, ordered some warm applications to remove that universal coldness he complained of, and left him, with a promise of returning
in

in a few hours, when he had finished some visits, which he was under a necessity of making in the village.

When he returned, he found Mr. Annesly altered for the worse; the cold which the latter felt before, having given place to a burning heat. He therefore told Mrs. Wistany, at going away, that in the evening he would bring a physician, with whom he had an appointment at a gentleman's not very distant, to see Mr. Annesly, as his situation appeared to him to be attended with some alarming circumstances.

His fears of danger were justified by the event. When these gentlemen saw Mr. Annesly in the evening, his fever was encreased. Next day, after a restless
night,

night, they found every bad symptom confirmed: they tried every method which medical skill could suggest for his relief, but, during four successive days, their endeavours proved ineffectual; and at the expiration of that time they told his friend, Mrs. Wistany, who had enjoyed almost as little sleep as the sick man whom she watched, that unless some favorable crisis should happen soon, the worst consequences were much to be feared.

C H A P. XXVIII.

The arrival of Mr. Rawlinson. Annesly's discourse with him. That gentleman's account of his friend's illness, and its consequences.

AT this melancholy period it happened that Mr. Rawlinson arrived, in pursuance of that promise which Annesly had obtained from him, at the time of his departure for London.

There needed not that warmth of heart we have formerly described in this gentleman, to feel the accumulated distress to which his worthy friend was reduced. Nor was his astonishment at the account which

which he received of Harriet's elopement less, than his pity for the sufferings it had brought upon her father.

From the present situation of Annesly's family, he did not chuse to incommode them with any trouble of provision for him. He took up his quarters therefore at the only inn, a paltry one indeed, which the village afforded, and resolved to remain there till he saw what issue his friend's present illness should have, and endeavour to administer some comfort, either to the last moments of his life, or to that affliction which his recovery could not remove.

In the evening of the day on which he arrived, Annesly seemed to feel a sort of relief from the violence of his disease.

He

He spoke with a degree of coolness which he had never before been able to command; and after having talked some little time with his physician, he told Abraham, who seldom quitted his bed-side, that he thought he had seen Mr. Rawlinson enter the room in the morning, though he was in a confused slumber at the time, and might have mistaken a dream for the reality. Upon Abraham's informing him, that Mr. Rawlinson had been there, that he had left the house but a moment before, and that he was to remain in the village for some time, he expressed the warmest satisfaction at the intelligence; and having made Abraham fetch him a paper which lay in his bureau, sealed up in a particular manner, he dispatched him to the inn where his friend

was,

was, with a message, importing an earnest desire to see him as soon as should be convenient.

Rawlinson had already returned to the house, and was by this time stealing up stairs, to watch at the bed-side of his friend, for which task Mrs. Wistanly's former unceasing solicitude had now rendered her unfit. He was met by Abraham with a gleam of joy on his countenance, from the happy change which he thought he observed in his master; and was conducted to the side of the bed by that faithful domestic, who placed him in a chair, that the doctor had just occupied by his patient.

Annesly stretched out his hands, and squeezed that of Rawlinson between them
for

for some time without speaking a word.

“ I bless God, said he at last, that he has sent me a comforter, at a moment when I so much need one. You must by this time have heard, my friend, of that latest and greatest of my family-misfortunes, with which providence has afflicted me.”

——“ You know, my dear sir, answered Rawlinson, that no one would more sincerely feel for your sorrows than I ; but at present it is a subject too tender for you.”——“ Do not say so, replied his friend ; it will ease my labouring heart to speak of it to my Rawlinson : but in the first place I have a little business which I will now dispatch. Here is a deed making over all my effects to you, sir, and at your death, to any one you shall name your executor in that trust for my children— if I have any children remaining!—Into
your

your hands I deliver it with a peculiar satisfaction, and I know there will not need the desire of a dying friend to add to your zeal for their service.—Why should that word startle you? death is to me a messenger of consolation!” He paused!—Rawlinson put up the paper in silence, for his heart was too full to allow him the use of words for an answer.

“When I lost my son, continued Annesly, I suffered in silence; and though it preyed on me in secret, I bore up against the weight of my sorrow, that I might not weaken in myself that stay which heaven had provided for my Harriet. She was then my only remaining comfort, saved like some precious treasure from the shipwreck of my family; and I fondly hoped that my age might go down smoothly

smoothly to its rest, amidst the endearments of a daughter's care.—I have now lived to see the last resting-place which my soul could find in this world, laid waste and desolate!—yet to that Being, whose goodness is infinite as his ways are inscrutable, let me bend in reverence! I bless his name that he has not yet taken from me that trust in him, which to lose is the only irremediable calamity: it is now indeed that I feel its efficacy most, when every ray of human comfort is extinguished. As for me—my deliverance is at hand; I feel something here at my heart that tells me, I shall not have long to strive with insufferable affliction. My poor deluded daughter—I commit to thee, Father of all! by whom the wanderings of thy unhappy children are seen

6 with

with pity, and to whom their return cannot be too late to be accepted! If my friend should live to see her look back with contrition towards that path from which she has strayed, I know his goodness will lead her steps to find it.—Show her her father's grave! yet spare her for his sake, who cannot then comfort or support her!”

The rest of this narration I will give the reader in Mr. Rawlinson's own words, from a letter of his I have now lying before me, of which I will transcribe the latter part, beginning its recital at the close of this pathetic address of his friend.

As I had been told (says this gentleman) that he had not enjoyed one sound sleep since his daughter went away, I left

him now to compose himself to rest, desiring his servant to call me instantly, if he observed any thing particular about his master. He whispered me, "that when he sat up with him the night before, he could overhear him at times talk wildly, and mutter to himself like one speaking in one's sleep; that then he would start, sigh deeply, and seem again to recollect himself." I went back to his master's bed-side, and begged him to endeavour to calm his mind so much as not to prevent that repose which he stood so greatly in need of. "I have prevailed on my physician, answered he, to give me an opiate for that purpose, and I think I now feel drowsy from its effects." I wished him good night.—"Good night, said he,—but give me your hand; it is perhaps the last time I shall

shall ever clasp it!" He lifted up his eyes to heaven, holding my hand in his, then turned away his face, and laid his head upon his pillow.—I could not lay mine to rest: Alas! said I, that such should be the portion of virtue like Annesly's; yet to arraign the distribution of providence, had been to forget that lesson which the best of men had just been teaching me;—but the doubtings, the darkness of feeble man, still hung about my heart.

When I sent in the morning, I was told that he was still asleep, but that his rest was observed to be frequently disturbed by groans and startings, and that he breathed much thicker than he had ever done hitherto. I went myself to get more perfect intelligence; his faithful Abraham met me at the door.—“Oh sir, said he,
 “ my

“ my poor master ! ” — “ What is the matter ? ” — “ I fear, sir, he is not in his perfect senses ; for he talks more wildly than ever, and yet he is broad awake. ” — He led me into the room ; I placed myself directly before him ; but his eye, though it was fixed on mine, did not seem to acknowledge its object. There was a glazing on it that deadened its look.

He muttered something in a very low voice. — “ How does my friend ? ” said I. — He suffered me to take his hand, but answered nothing. — After listening some time, I could hear the name of Harriet. “ Do you want any thing, my dear sir ? ” He moved his lips, but I heard not what he said. — I repeated my question ; he look’d up piteously in my face, then turned his eye round as if he missed some
 VOL. I. P object

object on which it meant to rest.—He shivered, and caught hold of Abraham's hand, who stood at the side of the bed opposite me.—He looked round again, then uttered with a feeble and broken voice, “Where is my Harriet? lay your
 “hand on my head—this hand is not my
 “Harriet's—she is dead, I know:—you
 “will not speak—my poor child is dead!
 “yet I dreamed she was alive and had
 “left me; left me to die alone!—I have
 “seen her weep at the death of a linnet!
 “poor soul, she was not made for this
 “world—we shall meet in heaven!—
 “Bless her! bless her!—there! may you
 “be as virtuous as your mother, and
 “more fortunate than your father has
 “been!—My head is strangely con-
 “fused!—but tell me, when did she die?
 “you should have waked me that I might
 “have

“ have prayed by her.—Sweet innocence!
“ she had no crimes to confess!—I can
“ speak but ill, for my tongue sticks
“ to my mouth.—Yet—oh!—most mer-
“ ciful, strengthen and support”—He shi-
vered again—“ into thy hands!”——He
groaned and died!”

Sindall! and ye who like Sindall—but
I cannot speak!—speak for me their con-
sciences!

C H A P. XXIX.

*What befel Harriet Annesly on her leaving
her father.*

I AM not in a disposition to stop in the midst of this part of my recital, solicitous to embellish, or studious to arrange it. My readers shall receive it simple, as becomes a tale of sorrow, and I flatter myself, they are at this moment readier to feel than to judge it.

They have seen Harriet Annesly, by the artifice of Sindall, and the agency of Camplin, tempted to leave the house of her father, in hopes of meeting the man who had betrayed her, and of receiving that only reparation for her injuries which it was now in his power to make.

But

But sir Thomas never entertained the most distant thought of that marriage, with the hopes of which he had deluded her. Yet, though he was not subject to the internal principles of honour or morality, he was man of the world enough to know their value in the estimation of others. The virtues of Annesly had so much endeared him to every one within their reach, that this outrage of Sindall's against him, under the disguise of sacred friendship and regard, would have given the interest and character of sir Thomas such a blow, as he could not easily have recovered, nor conveniently born. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that he wished for some expedient to conceal it from the eyes of the public.

For this purpose he had formed a scheme, which all the knowledge he had of the de-

licacy of Harriet's affection for him, did not prevent his thinking practicable; (for the female who once falls from innocence, is held to be sunk into perpetual debasement) and that was, to provide a husband for her in the person of another. And for that husband he pitched on Camplin, with whose character he was too well acquainted, to doubt the bringing him over to any baseness which danger did not attend, and a liberal reward was to follow. Camplin, who at this time was in great want of money, and had always an appetite for those pleasures which money alone can purchase, agreed to his proposals; they settled the dowry of his future wife, and the scheme which he undertook to procure her. Part of its execution I have already related; I proceed to relate the rest.

When

When they had been driven with all the fury which Camplin had enjoined the postilions, for about eight or nine miles, they stopt at an inn, where they changed horses. Harriet expressed her surprise at their not having already reached the place where sir Thomas waited them ; on which Camplin told her, that it was not a great way off, but that the roads were very bad, and that he observed the horses to be exceedingly jaded.

After having proceeded some miles farther, on a road still more wild and less frequented, she repeated her wonder at the length of the way ; on which Camplin, entreating her pardon for being concerned in any how deceiving her, confessed that sir Thomas was at a place much farther from her father's than he had made

her believe ; which deceit he had begged of him (Camplin) to practise, that she might not be alarmed at the distance, which was necessary, he said, for that plan of secrecy sir Thomas had formed for his marriage. Her fears were sufficiently roused at this intelligence, but it was now too late to retreat, however terrible it might be to go on.

Some time after they stopt to breakfast, and changed horses again, Camplin informing her, that it was the last time they should have occasion to do so. Accordingly, in little more than an hour, during which the speed of their progress was nowise abated, they halted at the door of a house, which Harriet, upon coming out of the chaise, immediately recollected to be that fatal one to which Sindall had before

fore conveyed her. She felt, on entering it, a degree of horror which the remembrance of that guilty night she had before passed under its roof, could not fail to suggest, and it was with difficulty she dragged her trembling steps to a room above stairs, whither the landlady, with a profusion of civility, conducted her.

Where is sir Thomas Sindall? said she, looking about with terror on the well-remembered objects around her. Camp-
lin, shutting the door of the chamber, told her, with a look of the utmost tenderness and respect, that sir Thomas was not then in the house, but had desired him to deliver her a letter, which he now put into her hands for her perusal. It contained what follows:

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“ It is with inexpressible anguish I inform my ever-dearest Harriet, of my inability to perform engagements, of which I acknowledge the solemnity, and which necessity alone has power to cancel. The cruelty of my grandfather is deaf to all the remonstrances of my love; and having accidentally discovered my attachment for you, he insists upon my immediately setting out on my travels; a command, which, in my present situation, I find myself obliged to comply with. I feel, with the most poignant sorrow and remorse, for that condition to which our ill-fated love has reduced the loveliest of her sex. I would therefore endeavour, if possible, to conceal the shame which the world arbitrarily affixes to it. With this view I have laid aside all selfish considerations so much, as to yield to the suit of Mr. Camp-
 tin

lin that hand, which I had once the happiness of expecting for myself. This step, the exigency of your present circumstances renders highly eligible, if your affections can bend themselves to a man, of whose honour and good qualities I have had the strongest proofs, and who has generosity enough to impute no crime to that ardency of the noblest passion of the mind, which has subjected you to the obloquy of the undiscerning multitude. As Mrs. Camplin, you will possess the love and affection of that worthiest of my friends, together with the warmest esteem and regard of your unfortunate, but ever devoted, humble servant,

THOMAS SINDALL."

Camplin was about to offer his commentary upon this letter; but Harriet,

whose spirits had just supported her to the end of it, lay now lifeless at his feet. After several successive faintings, from which Camplin, the landlady, and other assistants, with difficulty recovered her, a shower of tears came at last to her relief, and she became able to articulate some short exclamations of horror and despair! Camplin threw himself on his knees before her. He protested the most sincere and disinterested passion; and that, if she would bless him with the possession of so many amiable qualities as she possessed, the uniform endeavour of his life should be to promote her happiness.—“I think not of thee,” she exclaimed; “Oh! Sindall! perfidious, cruel, deliberate villain!” Camplin again interrupted her, with protestations of his own affection and regard. “Away! said she, and let me hear no more!

more! Or, if thou wouldst show thy friendship, carry me to that father from whom thou stolest me.—You will not—but if I can live so long, I will crawl to his feet, and expire before him.”

She was running towards the door; Camplin gently stopt her. “My dearest Miss Annesly, said he, recollect yourself but a moment; let me conjure you to think of your own welfare, and of that father’s whom you so justly love. For these alone could sir Thomas Sindall have thought of the expedient which he proposes. If you will now become the wife of your adoring Camplin, the time of the celebration of our marriage need not be told to the world: under the sanction of that holy tie, every circumstance of de-
traction will be overlooked, and that life
may

may be made long and happy, which your unthinking rashness would cut off from yourself and your father."—Harriet had listened little to this speech; but the swelling of her anger had subsided; she threw herself into a chair, and burst again into tears. Camplin drew nearer, and pressed her hand in his; she drew it hastily from him: "If you have any pity, she cried, I entreat you for heaven's sake to leave me." He bowed respectfully and retired, desiring the landlady to attend Miss Annesly, and endeavour to afford her some assistance and consolation.

She had, indeed, more occasion for her assistance than he was then aware of; the violent agitation of her spirits having had such an effect on her, that, though she wanted a month of her time, she was suddenly

denly seized with the pains of child-birth; and they were but just able to procure a woman who acted as a midwife in the neighbourhood, when she was delivered of a girl. Distracted as her soul was, this new object drew forth its instinctive tenderness; she mingled tears with her kisses on its cheeks, and forgot the shame attending its birth, in the natural meltings of a mother.

For about a week after her delivery she recovered tolerably well, and indeed those about her spared no pains or attention to contribute towards her recovery; but, at the end of that period, an accident threw her into the most dangerous situation. She was lying in a slumber, with a nurse watching her, when a servant of sir Thomas Sindall's, whom his master had employed
very

very actively in the progress of his designs on Miss Annesly, entered the room with a look of the utmost consternation and horror; the nurse beckoned to him to make no noise, signifying, by her gestures, that the lady was asleep; but the opening of the door had already awakened her, and she lay listening, when he told the cause of his emotion. It was the intelligence which he had just accidentally received of Mr. Annesly's death. The effect of this shock on his unfortunate daughter may be easily imagined; every fatal symptom, which sudden terror or surprise causes in women at such a season of weakness, was the consequence, and next morning a delirium succeeded them.

She was not, however, without intervals of reason; though these were but intervals

tervals of anguish much more exquisite. Yet she would sometimes express a sort of calmness and submission to the will of heaven, though it was always attended with the hopes of a speedy relief from the calamities of her existence.

In one of these hours of recollection, she was asked by her attendants, whose pity was now moved at her condition, if she chose to have any friend sent for, who might tend to alleviate her distress; upon which she had command enough of herself, to dictate a letter to Mrs. Wistanly, reciting briefly the miseries she had endured, and asking, with great diffidence however of obtaining, if she could pardon her offences so far, as to come and receive the parting breath of her once innocent and much loved Harriet. This letter

letter was accordingly dispatched; and she seemed to feel a relief from having accomplished it: but her reason had held out beyond its usual limits of exertion; and immediately after, she relapsed into her former unconnectedness.

Soon after the birth of her daughter, Camplin, according to his instructions, had proposed sending it away, under the charge of a nurse whom the landlady had procured, to a small hamlet, where she resided, at a little distance. But this the mother opposed with such earnestness, that the purpose had been delayed till now, when it was given up to the care of this woman, accompanied with a considerable sum of money to provide every necessary for its use, in the most ample and sumptuous manner.

When

When Mrs. Wistany received the letter we have mentioned above, she was not long in doubt as to complying with its request. Her heart bled for the distresses of that once amiable friend, whom virtue might now blame, but goodness could not forsake. She set out therefore immediately in a chaise, which Camplin had provided for her, and reached the house, to which it conveyed her on the morning of the following day, her impatience not suffering her to consider either the danger or inconvenience of travelling all night.— From her recital, I took down the account contained in the following chapter.

C H A P. XXX.

Mrs. Wistanly's recital. Conclusion of the first volume.

"WHEN I entered the house, and had got upon the stairs leading to the room in which Harriet lay, I heard a voice enchantingly sweet, but low, and sometimes broken, singing snatches of songs, varying from the sad to the gay, and from the gay to the sad : it was she herself sitting up in her bed, fingering her pillow as if it had been a harpsicord. It is not easy to conceive the horror I felt on seeing her in such a situation ! She seemed unconscious of my approach, though her eye was turned towards me as I entered ; only that she stopt in the midst of
a quick

a quick and lively movement she had begun, and looking wistfully upon me, breathed such a note of sorrow, and dwelt on it with a cadence so mournful, that my heart lost all the firmness I had resolved to preserve, and I flung my arms round her neck, which I washed with my bursting tears!—The traces which her brain could now only recollect, were such as did not admit of any object long; I had passed over it in the moment of my entrance, and it now wandered from the idea; she paid no regard to my caresses, but pushed me gently from her, gazing steadfastly in an opposite direction towards the door of the apartment. A servant entered with some medicine he had been sent to procure; she put it by when I offered it to her, and kept looking earnestly upon him; she ceased her singing too, and seemed to
articulate

articulate certain imperfect sounds. For some time I could not make them out into words, but at last she spoke more distinctly, and with a firmer tone,——

“ You saved my life once, fir, and I
 “ could then thank you, because I wished
 “ to preserve it ;—but now—no matter,
 “ he is happier than I would have him.
 “ —I would have nursed the poor old
 “ man till he had seen some better days !
 “ bless his white beard !—look there ! I
 “ have heard how they grow in the
 “ grave !—poor old man !”——

You weep, my dear fir ; but had you heard her speak these words ! I can but coldly repeat them.

All that day she continued in a state of delirium and insensibility to every object
 around

around her; towards evening she seemed exhausted with fatigue, and the tossing of her hands which her frenzy had caused, grew languid as of one breathless and worn out; about midnight she dropt asleep.

I sat with her during the night, and when she waked in the morning, she gave signs of having recovered her senses by recollecting me, and calling me by my name. At first indeed her questions were irregular and wild; but in a short time she grew so distinct, as to thank me for having complied with the request of her letter; "'tis an office of unmerited kindness, which, said she, (and I could observe her let fall a tear) will be the last your unwearied friendship for me will have to bestow." I answered, that I hoped not. "Ah! Mrs. Wistany, she replied,
can

“ can you hope so? you are not my friend, if you do.” I wished to avoid a subject which her mind was little able to bear, and therefore made no other return than by kissing her hand, which she had stretched out to me as she spoke.

At that moment we heard some unusual stir below stairs, and, as the floor was thin and ill laid, the word *child* was very distinctly audible from every tongue. Upon this she started up in her bed, and with a look piteous and wild beyond description, exclaimed, “ Oh ! my God ! “ what of my child ? ”—She had scarcely uttered the words, when the landlady entered the room, and showed sufficiently by her countenance that she had some dreadful tale to tell. By signs I begged her to be silent.—“ What is become of my infant ? ”

“fant?” cried Harriet.—“No ill, ma-
 “dam, (answered the woman, faltering)
 “is come to it, I hope.”—“Speak,
 “said she, I charge you, for I will know
 “the worst: speak, as you would give
 “peace to my departing soul!” spring-
 ing out of bed, and grasping the woman’s
 hands with all her force.—It was not
 easy to resist so solemn a charge.—
 “Alas! said the landlady, I fear she is
 “drowned; for the nurse’s cloak and the
 “child’s wrapper have been found in
 “some ooze which the river had carried
 “down below the ford.”—She let go
 the woman’s hands, and wringing her own
 together, threw up her eyes to heaven till
 their sight was lost in the sockets.—We
 were supporting her, each of us holding
 one of her arms.—She fell on her knees

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between us, and dropping her hands for a moment, then raising them again, uttered with a voice that sounded hollow as if sunk within her.

“ Power omnipotent ! who wilt not
“ lay on thy creatures calamity beyond
“ their strength to bear ! if thou hast not
“ yet punished me enough, continue to
“ pour out the phials of thy wrath upon
“ me, and enable me to support what
“ thou inflictest ! But if my faults are
“ expiated, suffer me to rest in peace,
“ and graciously blot out the offences
“ which thy judgments have punished
“ here ! ”——She continued in the same
posture for a few moments ; then leaning
on us as if she meant to rise, bent her
head

head forward, and drawing her breath strongly, expired in our arms."

Such was the conclusion of Mrs. Wistany's tale of woe!

Spirits of gentleness and peace! who look, with such pity as angels feel, on the distresses of mortality! often have ye seen me labouring under the afflictions which providence had laid upon me.—

Ye have seen me in a strange land, without friend, and without comforter, poor, sick, and naked; ye have seen me shivering over the last faggot which my last farthing had purchased, moistening the crust that supported nature with the tears which her miseries shed on it! yet have ye seen me look inward with a

smile,

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smile, and overcome them.—If such shall ever be my lot again, so let me alleviate its sorrows; let me creep to my bed of straw in peace, after blessing God that I am not a Man of the World.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

